60¢
OCT. 15

VOGUE

BALENCIAGA AND GIVENCHY:
VOGUE'S CHOICES

THE GOING CHIC:
CLOTHES TO LIVE IN
AROUND THE WORLD
ACROSS THE COUNTRY

BEAUTY BULLETIN:
WHY HAIR THINS;
WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

"HOW TO GET TO THE TOP OF THE CREATIVE TREE"
BY DAVID OGILVY

ADVANCED EDITION





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the world is yours...new LILLI ANN glamour suit, as Paris loves it, in lush "patrice," stunning textured worsted, luxuriously furred*...black, turquoise...about 145 dollars.**

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Paris — * country of origin specified on merchandise

London — **slightly higher in Paris and Rome



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BERGDORF GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

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OCTOBER 15, 1963

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I.S.V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



DAVID BAILEY

COVER: A face full of colour: red on the lips—real red, good and strong, and bracing as autumn air. Skin is nourished on colour like this. Fashion thrives on it—note, for one glowing example, the beautiful things it does for high-purple, for deep, clear saffron. The coat, thick, nubby tweed, with a rolled collar. Moat-collared suit and the plumped-up, pomponed pillbox, in a firm, springy wool-and-mohair. Coat, suit, and hat: Christian Dior-New York. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Frost Bros. The exciting new burst-of-red lipstick: Max Factor's Once Upon A Red.

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JESSICA DAVES
Editorial Advisor

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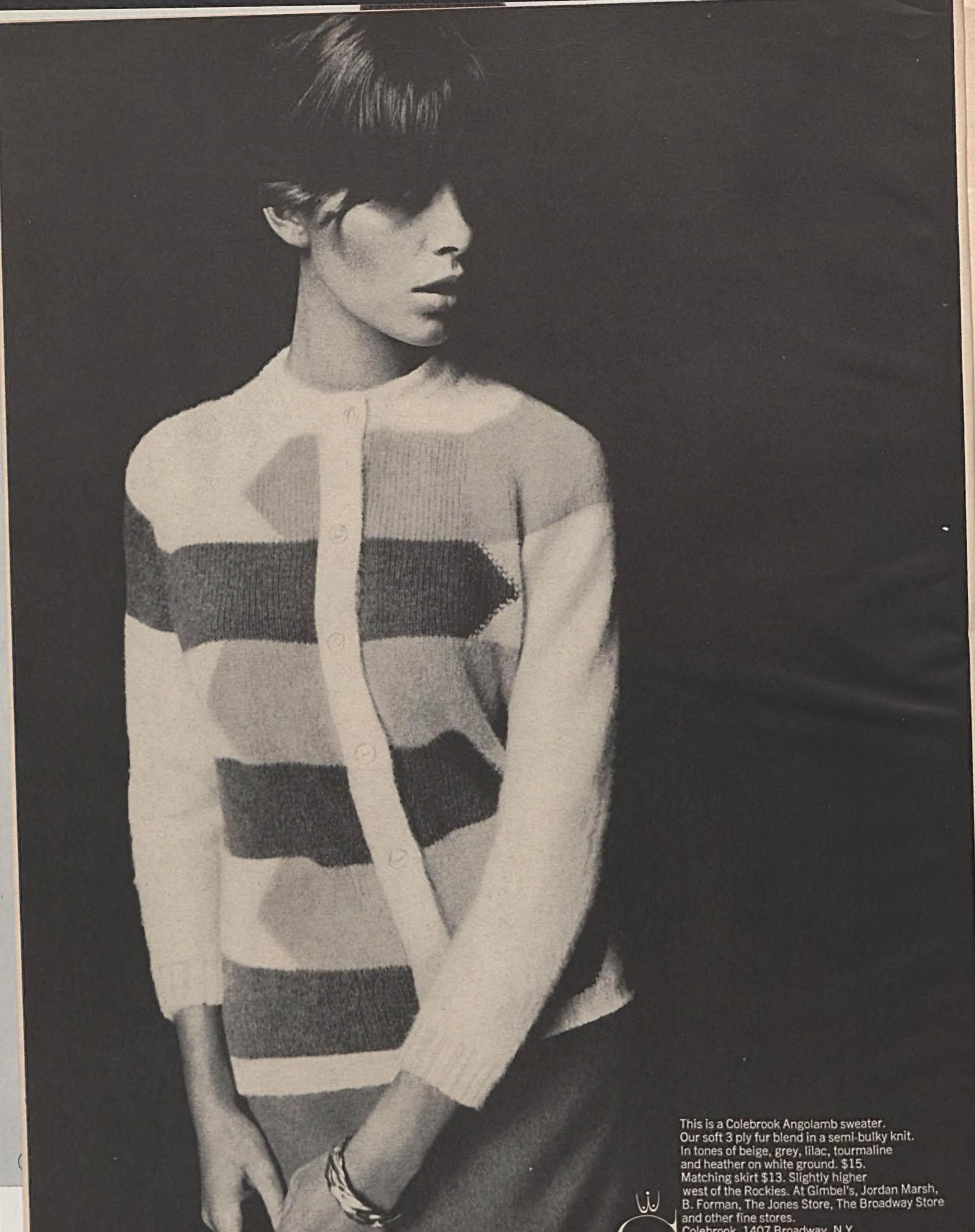
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This is a Colebrook Angolamb sweater.
Our soft 3 ply fur blend in a semi-bulky knit.
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Matching skirt $13. Slightly higher
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ENTRANCE ENSEMBLE

Ben Zuckerman's
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a full-length evening coat
of wool and mohair worn over its
own full-length silk brocade gown.
The coat, in a delectable champagne color-
is lined to match the
daffodil yellow gown.
Misses' sizes.
From our famous Designer Salon,
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among Bergdorf fashionables is "composition"... a very complete, very-1963 way of putting together a costume. This layer-by-layer, texture-by-texture assembling effects a spirited nonchalance, and asks little more of you than the wearing. Here, a "composition" in crisp silk-and-worsted—jumper dress *over* silk crepe shirt and *under* easy jacket. (The dress, of course, can solo.) By Adele Simpson, in green with an aqua shirt, brown with pale blue, plum with pink, black with white. Sizes 6 to 16. From our Plaza Collection of dresses and costumes. Fourth Floor.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
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Cadillac Motor Car Division • General Motors Corporation

ARNEL This is the official Arnel® symbol—your assurance that this fabric type has been pretested for performance claimed by Celanese®



Soothingly soft. That's brushed knit, when it's made with Arnel.

It makes you feel a little sleepy just to touch it. This luscious fabric is cozy and gentle, even when it's been through the washer and dryer. (Somehow Arnel just can't be harmed by soap and water.) M. C. Schrank gown in french fabrics corp., brushed knit of Arnel triacetate with nylon. Pink, blue. 32-40. About $9 at Lord & Taylor, New York and branches; Filene's, Boston; D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans & Baton Rouge; Hudson's, Detroit; Weinstock-Lubin & Co., Sacramento. Also available in matching shift-length gown and pajamas.

Arnel...a Celanese contemporary fiber

FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



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PASTEL TINT

Never before a rouge like this...not red, not harsh, not showy! A rouge that's natural as a hush of your own blush. Only Max Factor could create such true-to-nature tones and blend them for you in a special creamy formula. Smooths on as easily as smiling! New Pastel Tint is subtle, toned to your complexion. Touch on a little. See! Even you can't tell where its whisper of glow leaves off and you begin. 5 tones, each 1.50.



Pastel Tint Rouge by Max Factor

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ST. LOUIS

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humor it for less than $20.

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THE ELEGANT NEWCOMER:
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Romantic fragrance—echo of the Sixteenth Century, created from a rare essence first used about 1572 at the French Court of Henry the IVth. Throughout the years it has been worn with courtly assurance... as alluring and hauntingly intriguing today as it was four hundred years ago!

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FIDELIO, 3.50

Crescendoe's *Caresse gloves

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*T. M. Reg.

Have you seen the Crescendoe Leather Gloves by Superb ? Magnifique !



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SEE YOURSELF IN A NEW LIGHT...the sunlit look of Creme Puff. It could only have been conceived in California where light does such wonderful, warming things to the skin. Max Factor re-creates its soft flattery in Creme Puff . . . all velvety powder and creamy foundation you puff on at once. Your skin looks clear, alive, natural. Wear the sunlit look...for young, luminous beauty, nothing holds a candle to it! 12 sunlit shades. In chic pastel compacts or jeweler's Case-Mates, $1.50 to $5.50. Refills, $1.00. Max Factor



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"Ambush"

perfume by

Dana


Ambush



SUBTLY TONED COAT OF 75% DYNEL® MODACRYLIC AND MOHAIR, ABOUT $100. "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE.

It's not fake anything. It's real Dynel

UNION CARBIDE



These Are Odette Barsa's Robes Of Islon (some people think they're too luxurious).

Some people think a fabric like Islon is too luxurious for robes. It feels like richest velvet, looks like richest velvet, has the color of richest velvet, but really is an all nylon fabric that takes all the wear in the world without a care in the world. If you like pretty things that stay that way without even trying, Odette Barsa's robes of Islon aren't too luxurious for you. See them in a toast of tasteful colors at America's most fashionable stores. Islon® fabric is the registered trademark of the Iselin-Jefferson Co., Inc., 111 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y. Islon is knit of nylon by Chemstrand.®

Odette Barsa & Islon



On the corner of Park Avenue and 58th Street is a charming shop where women of taste go to choose their wardrobes. Nothing banal, nothing mundane. Each individual fashion is hand-picked from the best collections because it fits the special "look" smart women expect at

Evelyn Byrnes.

480 Park Avenue, New York
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THE SHIRT SUIT

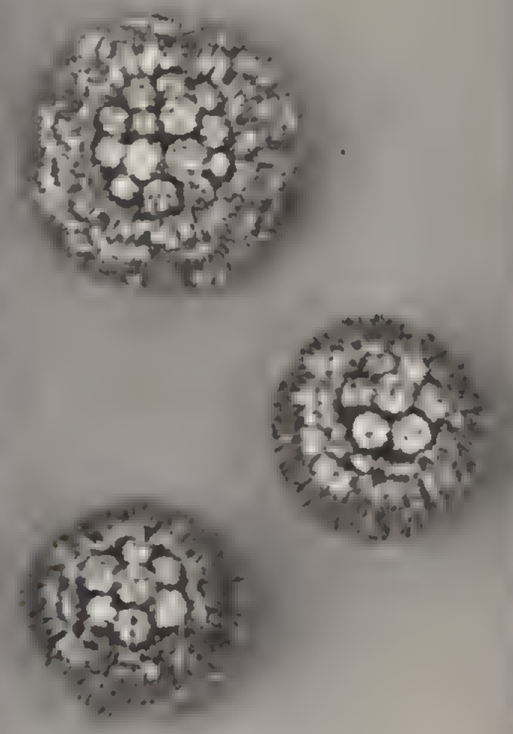
whizzed with white leather



This season—city, country, anywhere in the world—this is a marvellous way to look. Camel's-hair suit with a long, leather-leashed shirt jacket, and the whiz of white leather everywhere—space-queen helmet, thigh-high boots. Gloves in the knitted nanny-manner. Suit, made in California by Couture West, of camel's hair by Scotney Mills; about $145. At Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Leather hat by Adolfo.

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&
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"Paris Jewel Boutique"



Timeless Elegance—from the fashion capital of the world, Boutique masterpieces with all the style and elegance that set Van Cleef & Arpels' jewels apart from all others.

Thistle ensemble, beautifully textured 18 kt. gold with centers of clustered diamonds. Clip . . . $590. Earclips . . . $750.

Poodle clip, with tousled hair of 18 kt. gold, onyx nose, ruby collar and eye and a diamond eyelid . . . $350.

Designs & Actual size. Fed. tax incl.



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World-Famous French Jewelers
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Living Nail *Never before in America—*

a penetrating nail hardener so spectacular!

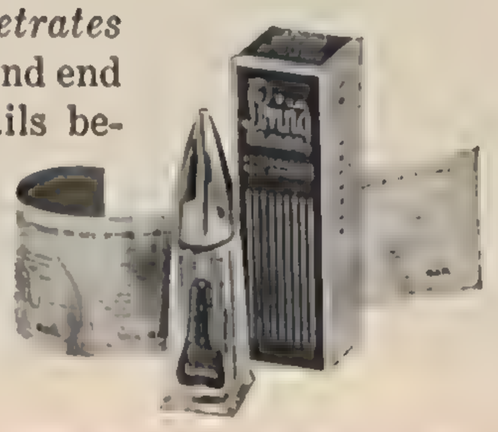
Assures the longer, lovelier nails every woman wants!

LIVING NAIL is unique–it is the *only* formula of its kind that can be purchased in the United States!

Though sold and acclaimed in the fashion capitals of Europe, this type of preparation–containing a skin sensitizer–has never before been permissible in this country. Now it can be sold...thanks to the ingenious golden Shields* that protect the cuticle, and expose the nail tip for quick, easy application of LIVING NAIL!

Goes to work instantly. Actually *penetrates* into the nail to overcome brittleness, and end splitting, peeling, breaking. Your nails become longer and lovelier! A weekly treatment keeps them that way.

Like others, you'll say "wonderful" –for LIVING NAIL performs wonders! With Cuticle Shields, $5 plus tax.



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better fit, better wear. for you • and you • and you
the seamless stockings that come in all shapes and sizes
perfect fit for short legs, slim legs, tall legs, all legs.

Hanes

World Premiere

of the first

Intimate Couture

inspired by

Oleg Cassini



"Fashion is a shape. And it begins with the fashion under the fashion. I have always felt there was a need for an Intimate Couture designed specifically to give women the shape of elegance—from the skin out." *Oleg Cassini*

another **Peter Pan** look.... *from a custom-original collection of bras, girdles and panty girdles, now in select stores. $5 to $15.*

THE FIGURE YOU WANT IS IN EVERY PETER PAN BRA • GIRDLE • SWIMSUIT

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THE GOLDEN DIAMOND LOOK

...newest night make-up by

Estée Lauder

This is the Golden Era of great evenings, kindling a new excitement in clothes, jewels, furs. For these brilliant nights, Estée Lauder introduces her brilliant new Golden Diamond Look—created to turn up the focus on you. Lights can't dim its luminous warmth. Jewels can't outshine the living golden luster of your skin, your eyes, your lips.

Combine it with Estée Lauder's Evening Make-up Collection, or use it all on its own. From the luminous Foundation to all-over-gold-dusting with the new Finishing Cake . . . to the final slow-blaze of Golden Orange Lipstick, the Golden Diamond Look is like taking a dip into instant, lasting radiance.



Talented Range... on a Fall scale.

The shimmering tempo is French kidskin, lyrically lined throughout with pure French silk. (Silky nuances are felt as you slip in and out.)

The constant warming melody .... **Toastees** of Solara, of course. Du Pont's 100% creative nylon contribution to your coziest Fall. Matte finished outside . . . brushed to a kitten soft fur-ness within and exclusive with Shalimar. All yours in the full scale of Fall lengths and classic colors . . . and priced to surprise and delight all critics with an ear for fashion's music.

only by Shalimar

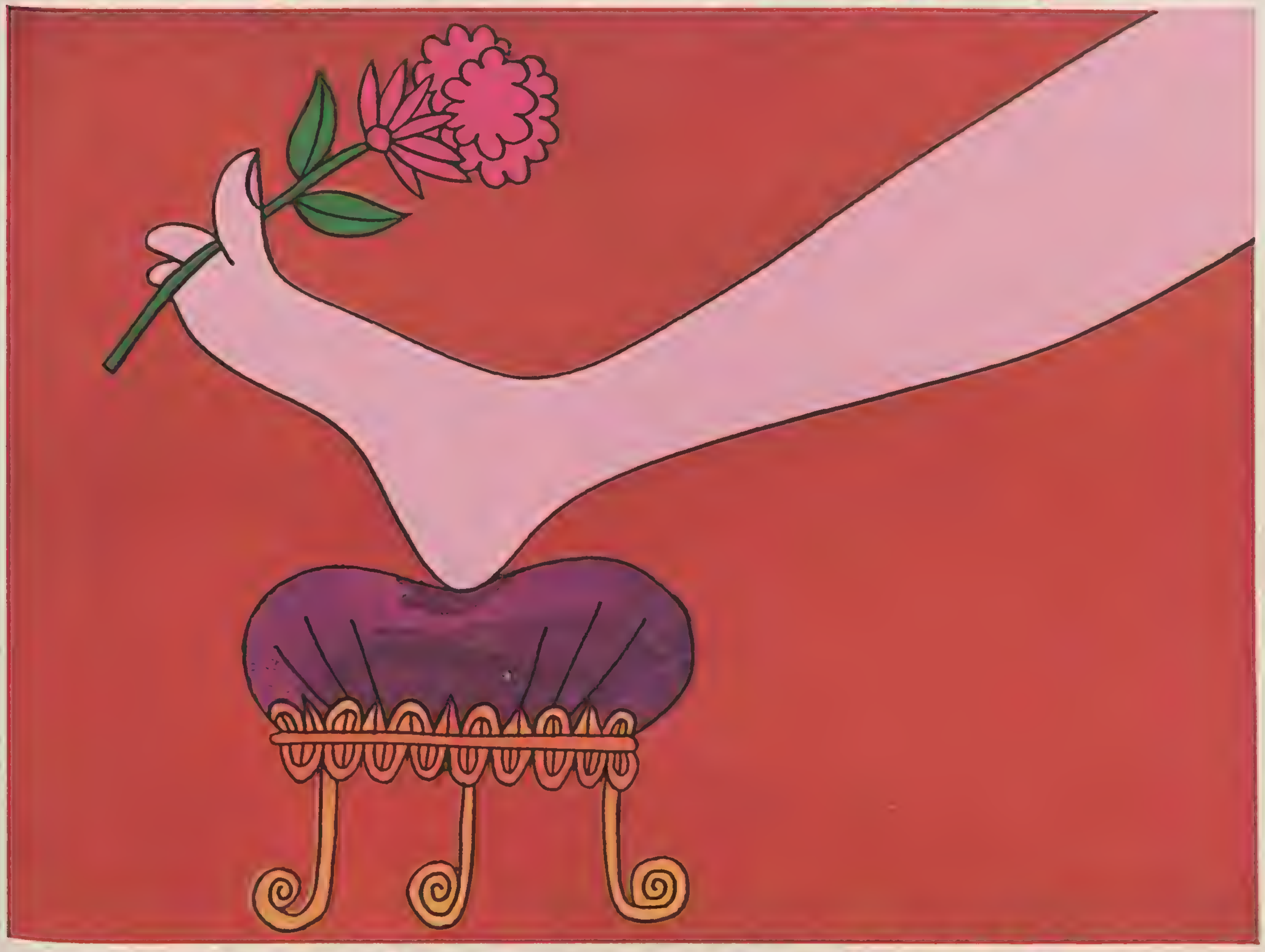
THE GOOD GREY JERSEY

Every closet should have one



Grey jersey pullover dress with the kind of easy-moving, comfortable good looks that American women won't live without. To wear—and wear and wear—under fur, under an off-white wool coat, under cigar-brown poplin in a downpour. News in the high, cowled neck, the Y-shaped welt seaming of the back-buttoned overblouse; straight skirt hung on a camisole top. Our idea for it: tobacco-brown boots to the knees. Another: the Maltese cross described on page 125. Orlon-and-wool dress by Harold Levine, of Alamac Thalspun double-knitted jersey. About $110. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; L. S. Ayres.

the only time I take off my Capezios®



is to have my toes kissed



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FOR ADDITIONAL STORES, "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE

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capezio®

cobblers to the world of dance...and fashion

OLEG CASSINI FURS...NEW YORK AND MONTREAL... announce their exciting new frontier of furs. Here, a highlight coat making several dynamic points. Its 32-inch length. Its arch of collar, fanning out from loops...a marvelous manipulation of skins for unique effect. And Point III: the color, "Arctic Pearl"...a frosted shimmer of such singular beauty, it is native only to the rare and precious **SAGA MINK OF DENMARK, FINLAND AND NORWAY.**

Gillelmans Sons
Philadelphia

MONET, MASTER JEWELER, CREATES THE "TEMPO" COLLECTION NECKLACE, $25. MATCHING EARRINGS, $10. PIN, $5. PLUS TAX. AT THE FINEST STORES.

jewelry in the golden manner of Monet

You'll know they're looking at your legs, not your stockings—when you wear Cameo Super-Supports. Uncovered spandex fiber makes Cameo Super-Supports the lightest, sheerest, airiest, breeziest, clingiest little stocking ever to comfort a tired leg. The first support stocking with a lot of what women buy stockings for. Slip on a pair. See. (Don't judge them in the box. Super-Supports of nylon and spandex were made for legs, not boxes.) Like all Cameo stockings, they don't forget what a woman's stockings are for. **Cameo Super-Supports with uncovered spandex 5.95**

Cameo Super-Support Stockings pass the toughest inspection.



Bur-Mil
A Burlington Hosiery Product

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF **GALLIANO**



GOWNS BY SORELLE FONTANA—ROME

As Italian as the fluid lines of Rome's most elegant fashions is the liquid gold of Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.



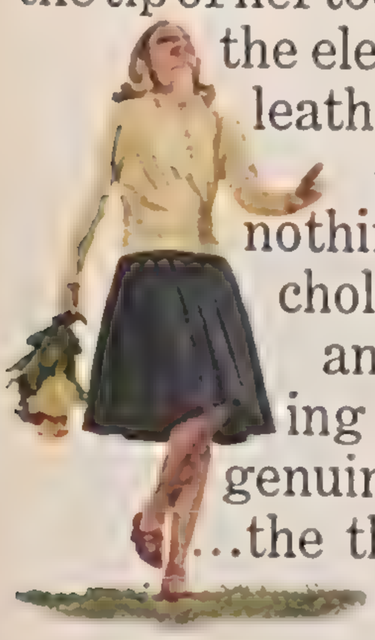
LIQUEUR, 80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, NEW YORK. ©McK & R., 1963



Naturally, you prefer leather. That's why they're trying to imitate it.

Make no mistake: Insist on the quality of genuine leather in town shoes gone Sportive!

There's one thing the fashionable woman knows right to the tip of her toes: nothing equals the elegance of genuine leather shoes!



And let's face it, nothing equals the psychological lift a woman gets from knowing she's wearing the genuine...the real thing ...the thoroughbred shoe material.



No matter what style (how about that Sportive look!), what color, what texture you prefer... leather shoes give you the look, the character, the richness of the genuine.

Consider the things you can always count on in real leather shoes: their natural breathing and flexing action; their cooling absorption of normal foot moisture; their ability to hold their shape; their deep down comfort.

These are benefits imitation products try to duplicate.

So be sure the shoes you choose are made of beautiful, natural, genuine leather.



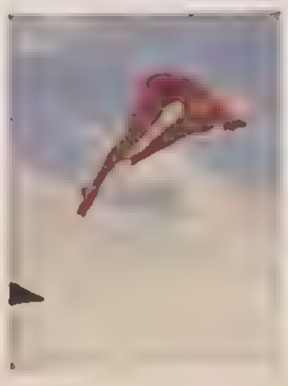
IMPORTANT: WHEN SHOE UPPERS, LININGS, INSOLES OR OUTSOLES LOOK LIKE LEATHER, BUT ARE IMITATION, THEY SHOULD BE LABELED. MAKE SURE YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

Ninety-Eight *Starts with luxury and takes off from there!*

It would not be the slightest exaggeration to say the Ninety-Eight Oldsmobile is one of America's most fashionable cars. The interiors are luxuriously appointed and superbly crafted. But beneath all the gleam and polish is a thoroughly competent performer. This Ninety-Eight can topple hills like dominoes . . . take turns with an assurance truly remarkable for a car of its impressive dimensions. And that's as it should be, for the Ninety-Eight is the finest automobile Oldsmobile builds. It looks it . . . and acts it. Why not drive one yourself and see?







'64 OLDS... WHERE THE ACTION IS!

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NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE,
SUPER 88, DYNAMIC 88,
JETSTAR I, JETSTAR 88, F-85



®EMBA MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

Photographed by Virginia Thoren-Rice at "Oliver!"

Dresses: Junior Sophisticates

LITTLE MINK LUXE: THE **EMBA**® JOYS

These are the "little furs" that go wherever chic young women go... both, designed by CONSTANTINO of Christie Bros. in the superlative mink, Emba from America. Here, two Emba greats: natural gunmetal LUTETIA® and natural brown AUTUMN HAZE.®

JOSEPH HORNE CO.
Galleries Furs · Pittsburgh



If you thought a great French perfume like L'Air du Temps
was the only thing you could afford from a great French couture house like Nina Ricci...



Take a look at Mademoiselle Ricci, your new contact! She brings you clothes created in Paris. Clothe
cut, inimitable chic. Now you can own more than a superb French perfume. You can have a collectio

Arriving now at Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus, Stix, Baer & Fuller Co., Joseph Magnin and all fine stores in America where chic young clothe



that have a custom look, superb
from the famed couture house of **Mademoiselle Ricci by Nina Ricci**

are always welcome. Collection begins at $100. L'Air du Temps, of course, is made and sealed in France in the famous Lalique bottle.

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE.



Now! A devilish look in boots



Parisian

Sno-flurry

Northern

Styleze

They're devilish! They're dashing! They're absolutely smashing with every coat you own. No wonder...they go to all heights for all occasions. There are short and sassy fur tops for dressy days and nights, sporty mid-ways, and the last word in chic new knee-highs. So go ahead. Be devil-may-care about bad weather. You're cozy-warm (and so smart!) in your Red Ball Winterettes. You'll see them in colors galore at nicer stores everywhere.

Red Ball

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL

Red Ball Winterettes

by Ball-Band, Mishawaka, Indiana

"WHERE YOU CAN BUY"—SEE LAST PAGE



Haven't you noticed? There's a new look in Supp-hose® stockings.

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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

For the New York début of Miss Hollister Houghton, a Sutton Place garden wrapped in cellophane



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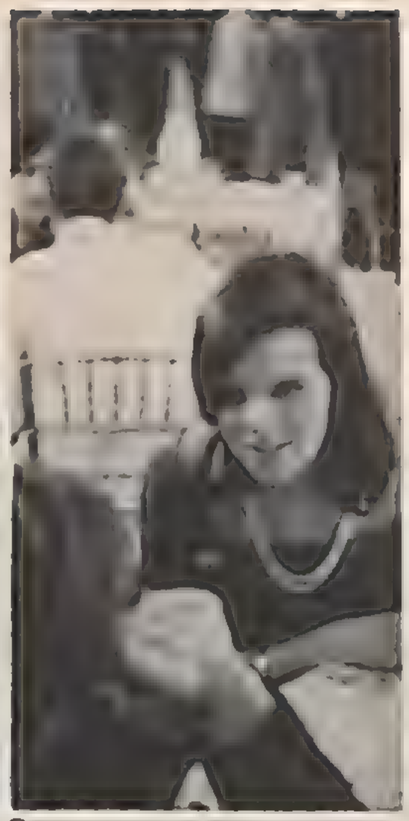
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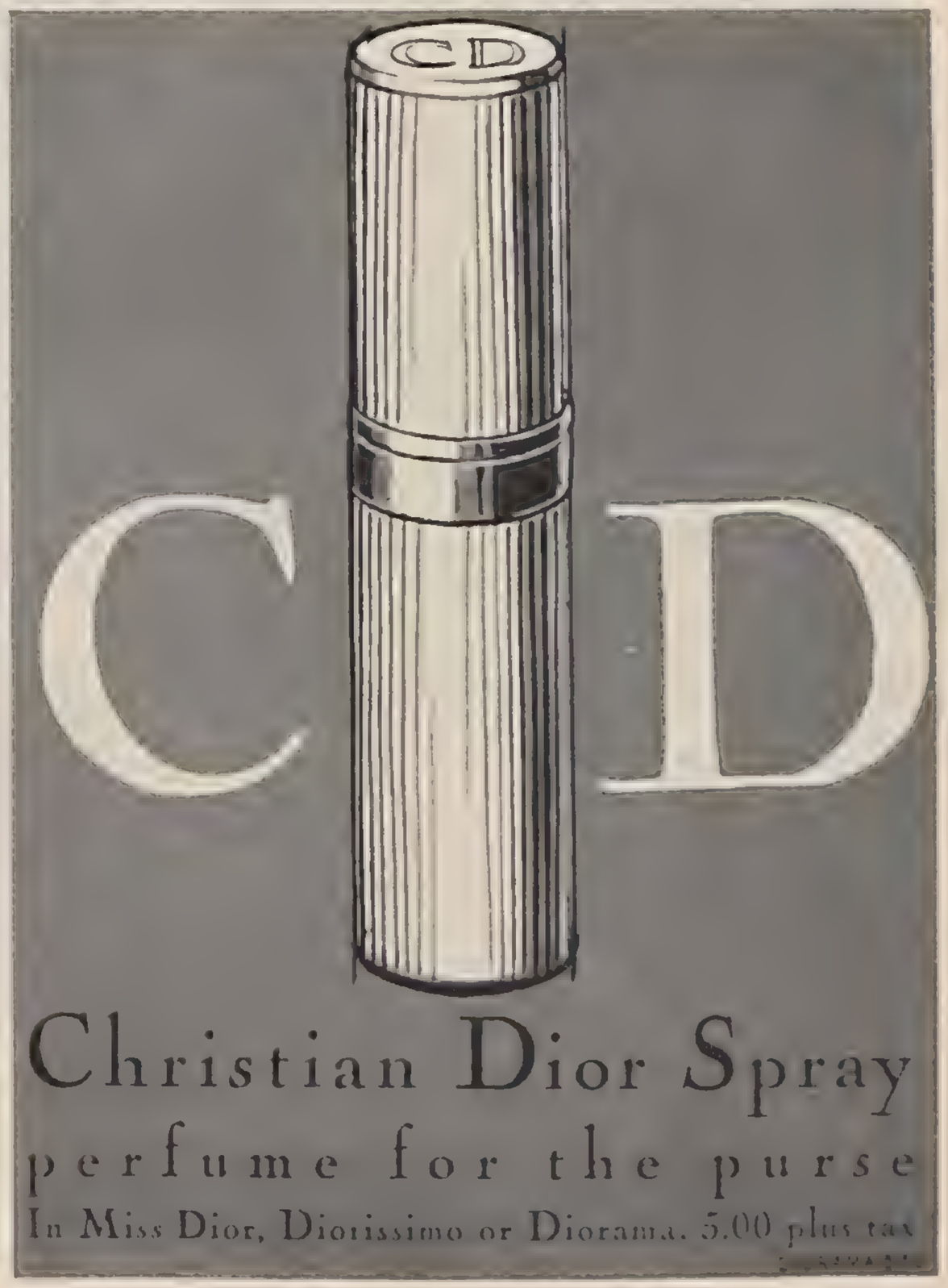
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A shimmering orangery was created in the Sutton Place garden of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Houghton, junior, for the début of their daughter, Miss Hollister Houghton. From the flower-filled Georgian house, guests entered an enchantment of striped, pink-lined tents, floored in fake green grass, completely curtained in folds of iridescent cellophane. Tent poles became weeping-willow trees, with, in their branches, giant mauve-winged butterflies among flicking bee lights. Leading to the vast dancing tent—where Meyer Davis's orchestra played—a long garden path lay under high bowers of greenery, flowers, and hundreds of miniature star lights. Tables, covered in butterfly-printed pink, red, and lavender cloths with glowing hurricane lamps were set in another green-and-white striped tent for a supper of scrambled eggs, bacon, and coffee, or lobster salad with champagne. Adding to this unique party—designed by John V. Reynolds, junior—was the backdrop of the East River seen through the cellophane: lighted barges and cargo ships, flashing red neon, the long, illuminated swag of Queensborough Bridge. 1. Beyond a green-and-white striped marquee, the lights of Queensborough Bridge. 2. Miss Hollister Houghton, the débutante, with Mr. James Preston and Mr. John Fritzlen. 3. Miss Robin Lambert. 4. Miss Sandra Irving with Mr. Michael Meehan. 5. Miss Eve Auchincloss. 6. Miss Margaret Nuttle and Mr. Roger Liddell. 7. Miss Dane Nichols with Mr. Lawrence Ross. 8. Miss Margaret Tenney. 9. Supper in a bower, wrapped in cellophane, shimmering in light.



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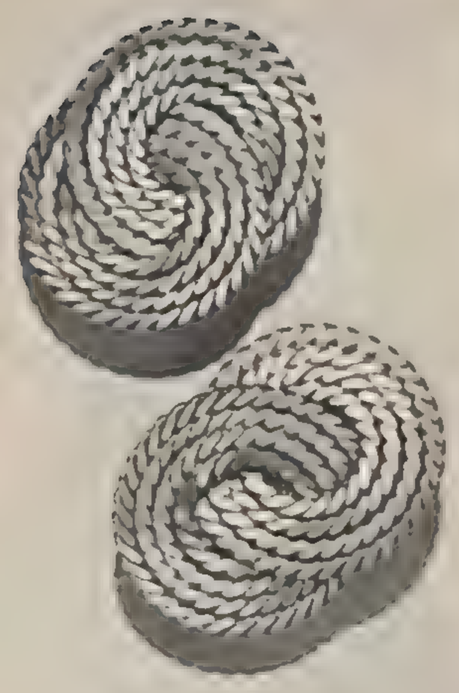
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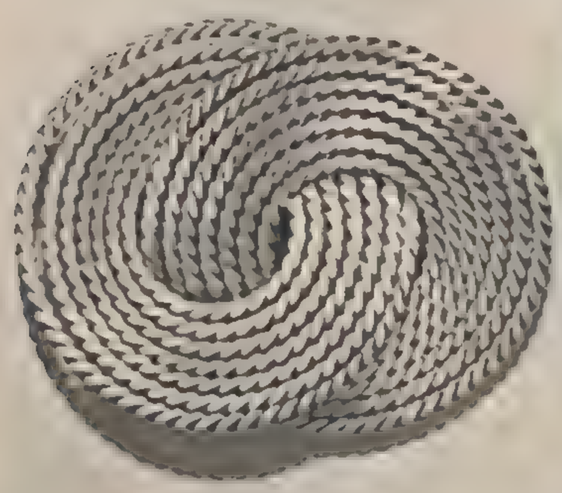
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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

Owner's party at Chez Vodka in Paris



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Maurice Girodias, who published the original English version of *Lolita*, chose to give a nostalgic White Russian black-tie dinner to open his new Russian nightclub. It was a grand reunion of Tout Paris with visitors from all over, many with long-ago Russian backgrounds.

M. Girodias gave Chez Vodka a thoroughly Byzantine atmosphere with old Russian paintings hanging on the walls, gold and crystal chandeliers from the ceiling.

The seventy guests that night settled down at long tables for dinner with balalaika music on the side. Along with Cossack songs there was gypsy dancing and gypsy singing—notably by the gypsy daughter of a Russian baron, Valia Dimitrievitch. Dinner, of course, was All-Russian. Although the guests were delighted with the ninety-year-old chef, they were disappointed that he did not



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do what he sometimes does: a ferocious Cossack dance. Some of the entertainers: 1. Valia Dimitrievitch; her daughter Theresa; her brother, Aliocha; Marc de Loutchek, the orchestra leader. 2. Olga Potemkine. 3. Marc de Loutchek, with balalaika. Some of the guests: 4. *Left to right,* clockwise—Prince Alexandre of Bavaria: Countess de Saint-Phalle: Count de Leusse; Princess André de Bourbon-Parme: Mr. Bertrand Schneider: Princess Sanidh Rangsit; Mr. Christian Cambuzat: Mlle. France Le Gros: Mr. Hansez of Belgium; Countess Michel Orlowska. 5. Mme. Roger Thérond. 6. Miss Marpessa Dawn: M. Maurice Girodias. 7. Mme. Jacqueline Duhème. 8. *Left to right:* Mr. William Klein: Donna Simonetta Fabiani, and her husband Sr. Alberto Fabiani, two famous Italian designers; Mrs. Wm. Klein; Mlle. Charles-Roux.



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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Knees needed

"Have you ever heard of people calling a salon in the month of August to ask for *knee*-reducing treatments?" the directrice of a famous beauty salon in Paris queried us recently. We hadn't. And neither had she, it seems, ever before. But once the new Paris Collections began to roll this season, with leotarded legs stemming from tall, skinny musketeer boots, the new-knee rage was on. Neat knees were suddenly being ordered for autumn wearing by women too chicken (or not chicken-y enough) to try the great new look without some beauty help, we learned from Elizabeth Arden's Place Vendôme salon. Not an easy order; the shaping up of knees involves exercise-patience, massage, in some cases, masques.

Wave-set for the non-wave set

Thinned . . . scented with good perfume . . . housed in a bottle that wouldn't be an insult to a great fragrance . . . packaged to look like a proper cosmetic. All this is what could happen in a big way to that old-timey friend from the pin-curl era: the bottle of wave-set one keeps at home. Here's why. For the woman who wants her hair to handle thickly, smoothly, *straight*, much of that management turns out to depend on the use of wave-set—and enough of it. Instead of being a lotion applied only at hairdressers', and only at original setting time, the news is it's also needed for intermediate rebuilding—especially in the case of the Drôle d'Idée haircut in which the side-swoop has to be kept smooth. We envision wave-set once more on dressing tables of the nation, but this time around in a presentation more sophisticated than tonic.

Eye-shading: official okay

Since one of the attractive varieties of eyeshadow is in the form of a pair of palely-tinted sunglasses (we ourselves are especially moved by pale grey), it's logical to re-raise a question we're sometimes asked: are sunglasses bad for the eyes? Good ones aren't. "Approved for use by pilots, flight engineers, and navigators" by more airlines than we have time to fly on this week, are the sunglasses known as Sea & Ski Spectaculars made by the Renauld of France people. Eastern, Northwest Orient, TWA, Pacific Southwest, United, Braniff, Delta, Pan-American, Hawaiian are all on the approving list. But fascinating to us also was a further statement from the medical department of one of the major lines to this effect: flight personnel is advised to wear sunglasses during the day before a night flight in order to protect the eyes and prevent distortion that might occur during sunbathing or golf.

Where do they get the energy?

When we heard that two rank amateurs were planning to do the décor for the April in Paris Ball this year (it had previously been the domain of such professionals as Cecil Beaton, Valerian Rybar, and Pini di San Miniato), we explored the question of where they'd found the energy to do the job and face the rather off-putting challenge—particularly in view of the dimensions of the Americana Hotel Ballroom (it's something like one hundred and sixty feet by one hundred feet, a considerable spread). Pressing the point with the committee chairwoman, Mrs. Alfred Levitt and her associate, Mrs. Robert Bergmann, we discovered this: they'd already warmed up for the kill with two years' work for the North Shore Hospital Benefit Ball; had found that "work stimulates energy"; that "teamwork is very stimulating in itself"; that Yoga is very helpful, "though we think eight minutes' worth of headstand is about as much as we can go . . ." and that "not over-eating is essential." For the last North Shore benefit, both of these committee members worked all day in blue jeans, took an hour off for "resting like potato sacks" and then returned to work refreshed and glowing, though they "couldn't have done it if we hadn't been breathing deeply during the hour's rest."

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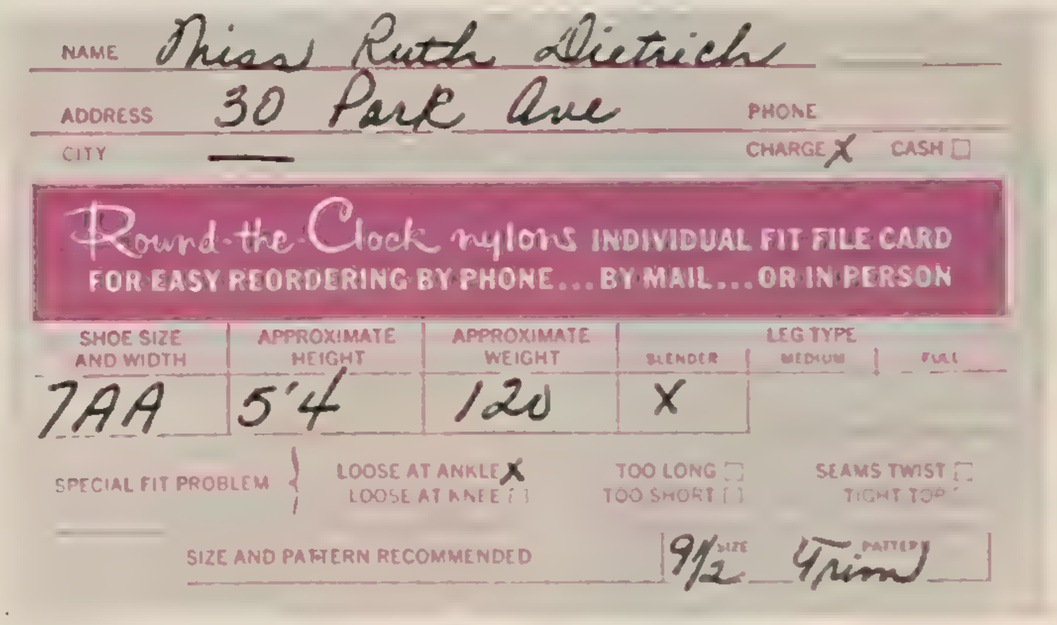
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INCIDENTALS FOR PACIFIC ADVENTURES

Quick notations on that shining, distant, and easily reached sweep of geography labelled Pacific which, in a traveller's plan, includes Australia, the Hawaiian Islands, the Orient, the islands of the South Pacific and those countries bordering on the South China Sea and Indian Ocean. Here, some news on hotels, restaurants, transportation; beginning on page 106, a whole alphabet of Pacific pleasures.

AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY: In Australia's biggest and oldest city, Sydney, the newest, glassy, air-conditioned hotel, The Menzies, stands near the quais downtown opposite a park resembling San Francisco's Union Square.... The oldest hotel, The Australia, dripping with crystal chandeliers, is now thoroughly air-conditioned.... The Belvedere, a quiet hotel, is an enormous house in a garden, appeals to Australians, who often give parties in the small dining room where the walls are hung with the bold signatures of celebrities.... At the new Chevron-Hilton, not of the Hilton Hotel group, every room comes with glorious harbour views.

Le Trianon serves excellent French food in a quiet brownstone called, locally, a terrace house. In summer, in the dizzily perfumed air from one frangipani tree in flower, guests dine on a lacy iron balcony like those in New Orleans.

Note: Women wear hats in Sydney.... Easy climate gauge: December in Australia is like June in America.

MELBOURNE: The newest hotel, Intercontinental's lean and balconied Southern Cross, includes even a bowling alley. In its clubby Grill, lunch is only for men; both men and women dine by candlelight at night. Much Australian party life is centred in the Mayfair Room, all greens and white, dinner and dancing.... New at the lovely old Windsor Hotel overlooking Parliament House, a wing of air-conditioned rooms.

HAWAII

HONOLULU: Here, where new hotels are usually taken for granted, the promised opening of the Kahala Hilton Hotel on December 1 is stirring up the excitement of a Broadway first night. Some rooms in the double-pronged Hilton face the beach and slow rolling sea; others, including the dining room, a lagoon. The grounds touch the Waialae Golf Club. MAUI: Two quite different hotels, both new, with a wonderful golf course in between, stand at each end of the curve of Kaanapali Beach. At the newest, the Sheraton-Maui, guests go down to their rooms; the public rooms are on the roof. (Sheratons don't charge for children under seventeen who share a room with a parent.) ... The second hotel, The Royal Lahaina, built like a Polynesian long house, has many rooms—all with tapa cloth headboards—at beach level.

HONOLULU DIVIDEND FOR PASSENGERS ON B.O.A.C.: Passengers flying B.O.A.C. across the Pacific have a free overnight stopover in Honolulu.

HONG KONG

HONG KONG: In the Crown Colony of Hong Kong among its masses of tall buildings, like dominoes standing on end, are three handsome new hotels. In Victoria, the island's capital city, commonly referred to as "the Hong Kong side," the Mandarin Hotel, which has been opening in stages, will be in full operation by November. ... Opening in November on Kowloon, The President, a glassy hotel, stands on the corner of the tree-lined Nathan Road, a good shopping street.... The biggest hotel in the Far East is the Hong Kong Hilton, which opened in June on the Hong Kong side. The Hilton runs its own floating restaurant for dinner cruises.

INDONESIA

DJAKARTA: At night, the T-shaped Indonesia Hotel shines like a lighthouse above the blackness of the city; in the daytime, the hotel's green height of glass-louvered walls resembles hunks of frosted peppermint. Everything in the hotel works around the clock, guests arrive and leave—often in the dawn hours. Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with balconies too hot to use look over palms and red-tiled Dutch rooftops. (The usual bland hotel food comes as a handsome relief to the palate after the exotic local dishes.)

JAPAN

TOKYO: The deadline behind the frantic building going on in this sprawling green and brown city is next October, 1964, the start of the Olympic Games.

The Tokyo Hilton which opened last June has some excellent Japanese bedrooms with Japanese tubs, Japanese steam baths plus a Japanese restaurant.... The new Okura Hotel, opposite the American Embassy, has unusually large handsome rooms, some international, some Japanese. Some of the Japanese rooms (with TV and telephone) have a small rock garden with a pool, clipped miniature trees.... New at the middle-aged Imperial Hotel, that great, squat, solid Frank Lloyd Wright building: a second annex, quite un-Wright in style. The main grand-hotel excitement, however, lies still in the original Wright building of the Imperial, in the long glass-walled bar opening on the garden. Many returning guests make a point of reserving in the old building, its miles of red carpeted corridors resembling a rabbit-warren.... The newest and biggest hotel, the Otani-Sheraton, will open for the Olympics.

The new flights on Pan American Airways fly non-stop and overnight to Tokyo in fourteen hours from San Francisco.

All Japan Air Lines flights leave from the West Coast, stop

(Continued on page 54)

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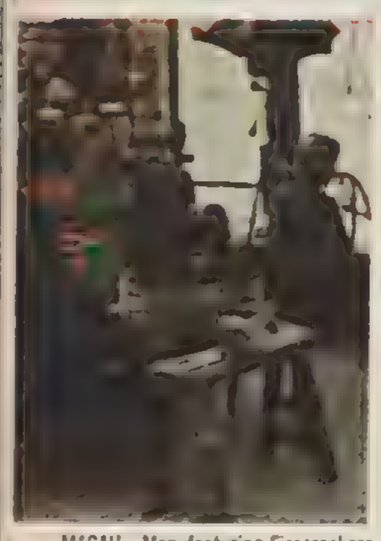
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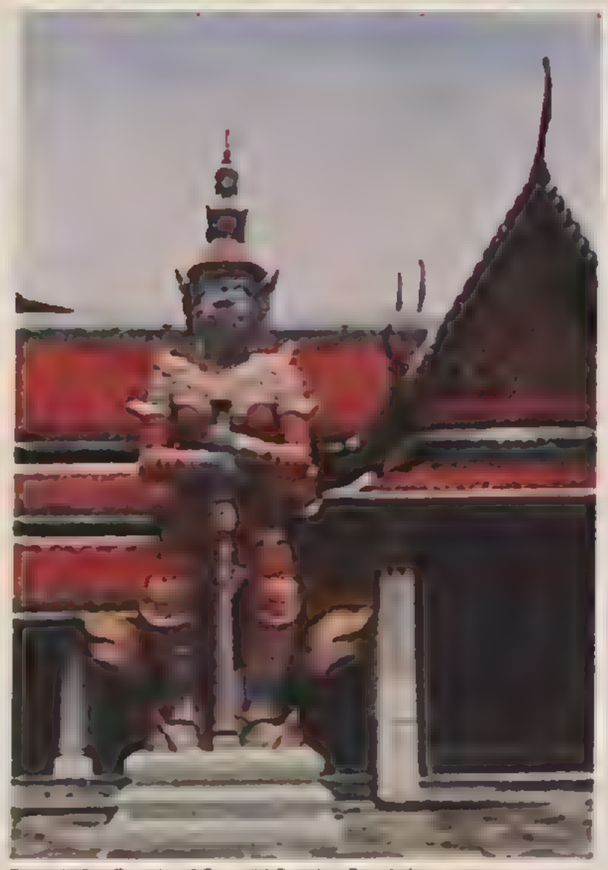
INDIA—Taj Mahal, Agra



SINGAPORE—Lantern Maker



AUSTRALIA—Bowling on the Green, Sydney



THAILAND—Temple of Emerald Buddha, Bangkok



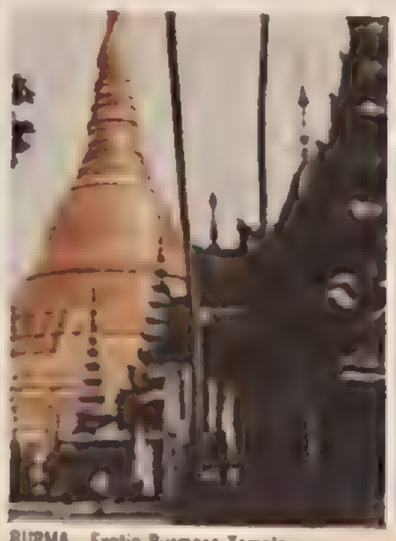
TAIWAN—Grand Hotel, Taipei



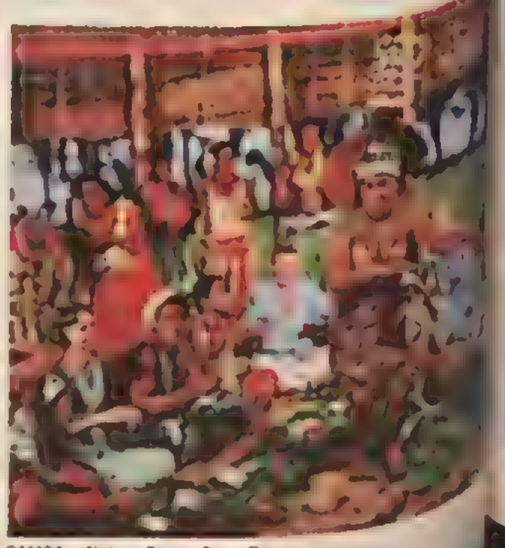
HAWAII—Waikiki Beach



NEW ZEALAND—Flightseeing in Southern Alps



BURMA—Exotic Burmese Temple



SAMOA—Native Feast, Pago Pago



INDONESIA—Balinese Beauty



JAPAN—Great Buddha at Kamakura



HONG KONG—Causeway Bay at Night



MALAYA—Kek Lok Si Pagoda, Penang



VIETNAM—Botanical Gardens, Saigon

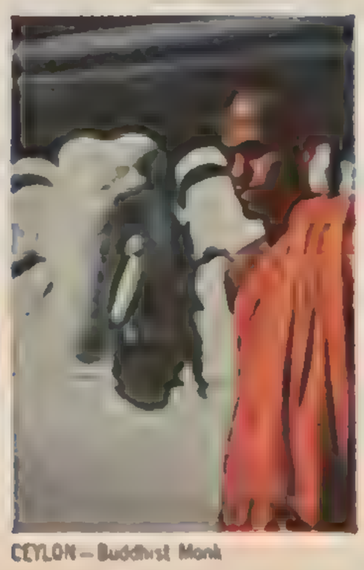


KOREA—Temple Near Seoul

THE PACIFIC



PHILIPPINES - Moro Vintas, Zamboanga



CEYLON—Buddhist Monk

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PACIFIC INCIDENTALS

(Continued from page 48)

in Honolulu for some ninety minutes before leaving for Tokyo. Pretty detail on the planes: shôji screens instead of window shades.

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND: It seems fair to call The Royal—Auckland's small, old hotel—new, after its thorough remodelling. . . . Another standby, the small De Brett Hotel, has comfortable bed-sitting rooms.

PHILIPPINES

MANILA: In this all-year-hot city facing the South China Sea, the air conditioning is chilly everywhere. The bed-sitting rooms in the new annex of the Hotel Filipinas have TV sets which broadcast both in English and Tagalog, the Philippine national language.

SINGAPORE

SINGAPORE: Away from Singapore's celebrated waterfront with its curious smell of burning crude rubber, its tall office buildings facing oily satin-black waters, the city is violently green. Ten minutes away from the harbour is the new Hotel Singapura Intercontinental which opened in September. . . . Another hotel, good, comfortable, is the Goodwood Park Hotel, with a new wing.

PRICES

For a pleasant room in these new Pacific hotels count on at least $18 a day for a double room without meals. From that figure the prices kite up.

SHIPS

Among the fleet of ships sailing from the West Coast is the American President Lines which sails every fortnight on a forty-day cruise.

Matson Lines ships go every three weeks to the South Seas stopping at, among other places, Bora Bora and Tahiti, Sydney, and Honolulu.

The biggest fleet of all, the P & O-Orient Lines, have ships that span the whole Pacific. Their two new ships—the "Oriana" and the "Canberra" are the fastest, racing away at twenty-seven and a half knots.

TALL-STORY BOOTS

Up to the knees, up to the thighs



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

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Boots to the thigh, top, to wear à la française,
with skin-tight pants, very short coat.
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about $75, of suède by Fleming-Joffe.
Stovepipe boots, below, to the knees. Shiny red vinyl,
lined in plaid and fleecy nylon. Eskiloos by
U. S. Rubber, of Royalon, $18. At Altman's.



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ROOM-MAKERS:

the tiling, the rugging, and the caning on pages 132 to 137—cases in point



The new kind of non-tile tiling freshens the sitting room, *right,* designed by Baldwin & Martin. Glossy blue-and-white tile paper frames deep windows, makes a dado above a floor of lapis lazuli marble chips in vinyl. On a white sofa, white cushions; at the window, solid white shutters.



More-than-one-rugging defines sections of the studio bedroom, *above,* designed by Albert Hadley. A Bessarabian rug—black, reds, and off-white—at the dressing table. A tiger rug bordered in felt rests in front of the chalk-pink sofa-bed. Under all, a broadloom carpet—its great black, velvety foundation.

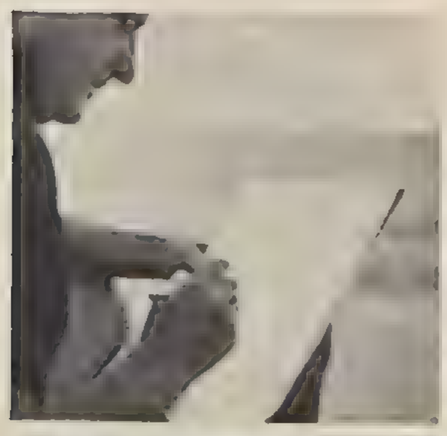
HEILEMANN



A prevalence of cane, all kinds of cane, goes a long way in the library, *right,* designed by Denning & Fourcade. Caned paper makes the ceiling a trellis. Caned doors, laminated in clear vinyl and framed in red lacquer bamboo, protect books without hiding them. At a writing table, some famous canery: Louis XV chairs with cane backs and seats.











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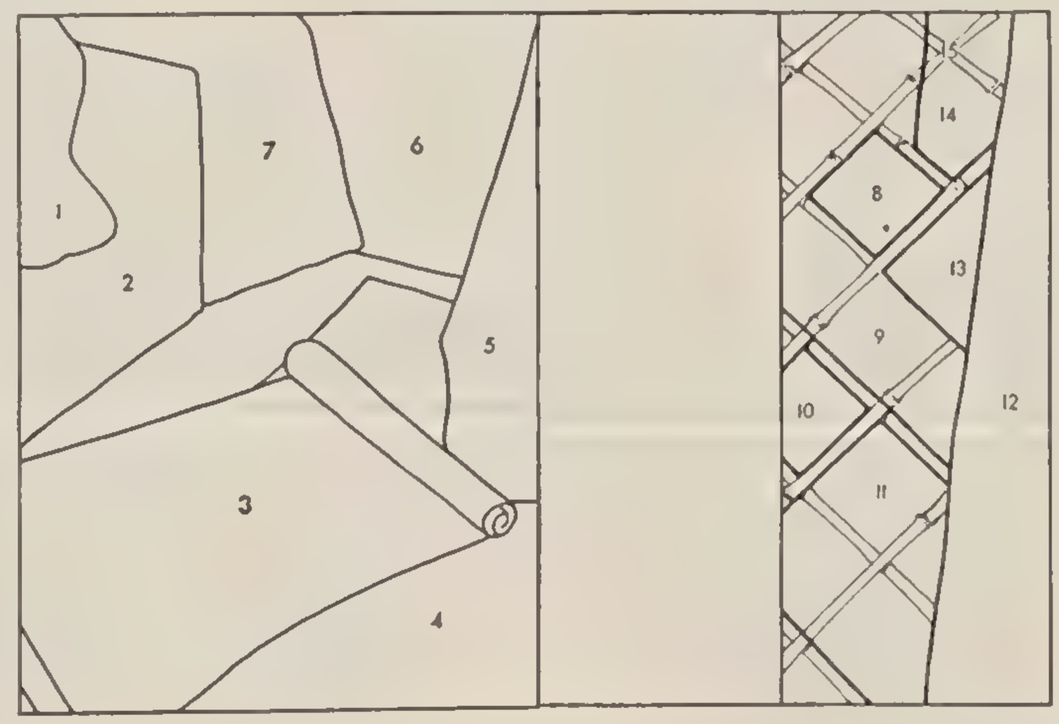
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TILING AND CANING

(The specifics, here, of the tiling and caning on pages 136 and 137.)



1. A smash of blue in heavy Thai silk. Handwoven, 40″ wide, $20.40 a yard at Thaibok.

2. Portuguese tile reproduced here in several blues on white glossy wallpaper. Particularly good for a kitchen or bathroom—it wipes clean. 18″ wide, $7.50 a roll at Karl Mann.*

3. Baroque tiles never before so useable, so workable: a glossy Portuguese wallpaper, $7.50 a roll from Karl Mann.*

4. Tiles in a rug: three Delft blues and white, here, spell out tile in a handmade wool rug from Portugal, at Stark Carpet.*

5. This Majolica tile pattern surprises: it drapes, it folds, it hangs or it covers. "Antigua" from Greeff,* a 50″-wide glazed chintz, $9.75 a yard.

6. Another tile fakery, this time on vinyl, reproduces a sixteenth-century Italian tile wall. "Andalusia." from Piazza Prints,* $12.75 a roll.

7. Blue-and-white adaptation of an eighteenth-century Welsh print, designed by David Hicks, here on a 50″ cotton toile called "The Vase." The fabric is $13.50 a yard, the wallpaper that matches is $12.00 a roll—both, at Clarence House.*

8. Real caning clearly trapped in sheets of plastic, to be used wherever ingenuity places it—e.g., a shower door, wonderful see-through folding screens, or ceiling-to-floor caning. To order from Lancaster Allied.*

9. Wallpaper-curtain team: natural-coloured caning on white. "Cannage" by Clarence House;* the fabric, cotton toile 50″ wide, $13.50 a yard; the wallpaper, to order $12 a roll.

10 and 11. Two of the real canes; a lacy caning, and a "Parquet de Versailles" pattern—laminated for screens, doors, walls, "parquet" floors. These two, and a great many more, to order at Lancaster Allied.*

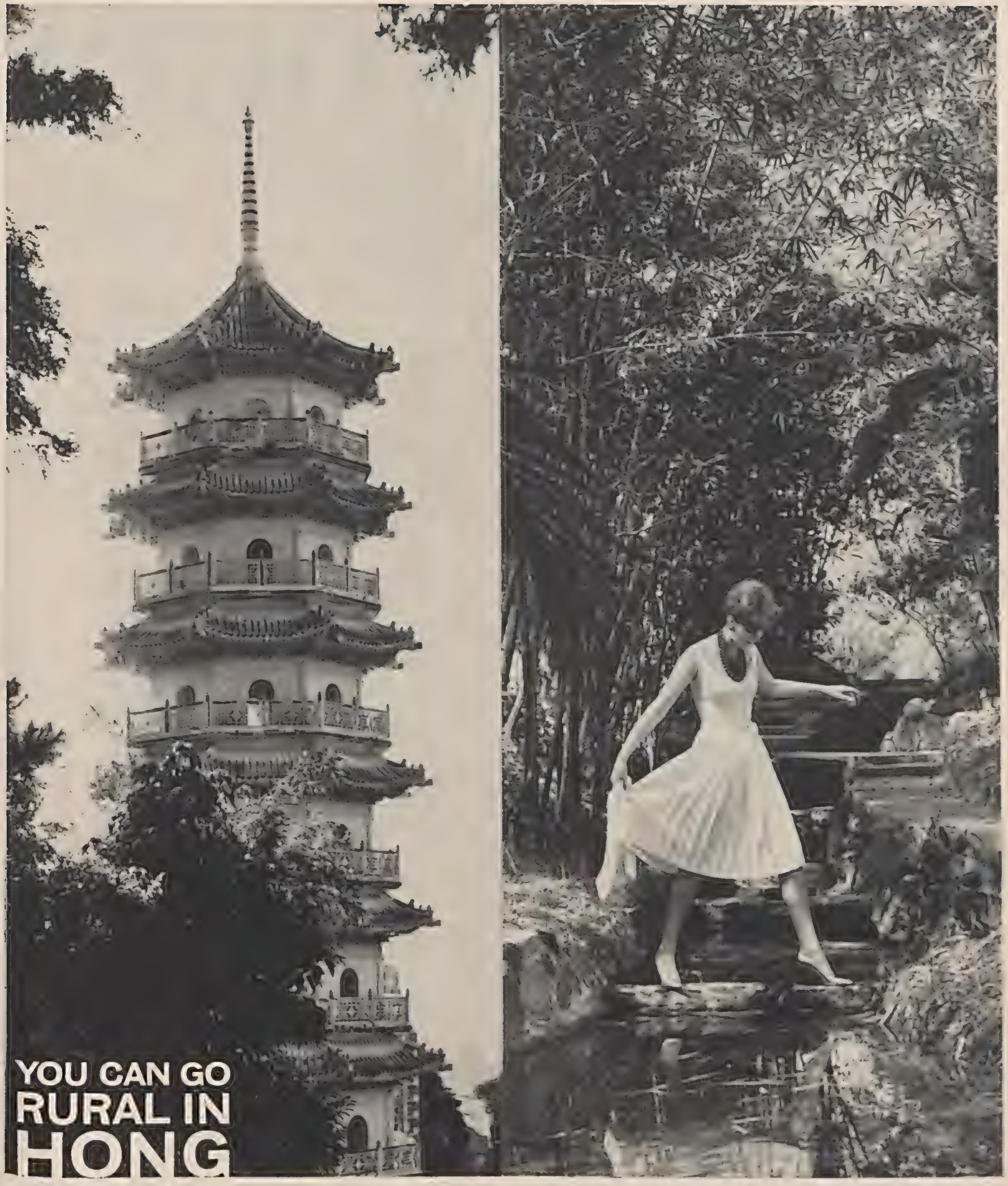
12. For curtains, for slipcovers, or to laminate in plastic sheets (expertly done by Parkwood Laminates*) for a variety of uses: royal-blue-and-black caning on white cotton sailcloth. This "Canery Beau" pattern also comes on Belgian linen-and-cotton, 50″ wide, $9.75 a yard at Eaglesham Prints.*

13. Real caning—a hexagonal pattern laminated into a black background for floors. This one comes, too, with a white or clear background; $3.50 a square foot, at Herbert Bright.*

14. The "Canery Beau" *faux* caning pattern, in whites on black wallpaper. A Braswell & Cook design at Philip Graf,* $12 a roll.

15. Over everything: *Treillage* from the Far East—a bamboo trellis panel which will open to about 7 feet high. For an outdoor garden indoors, $9 at Azuma.

*THROUGH DECORATORS



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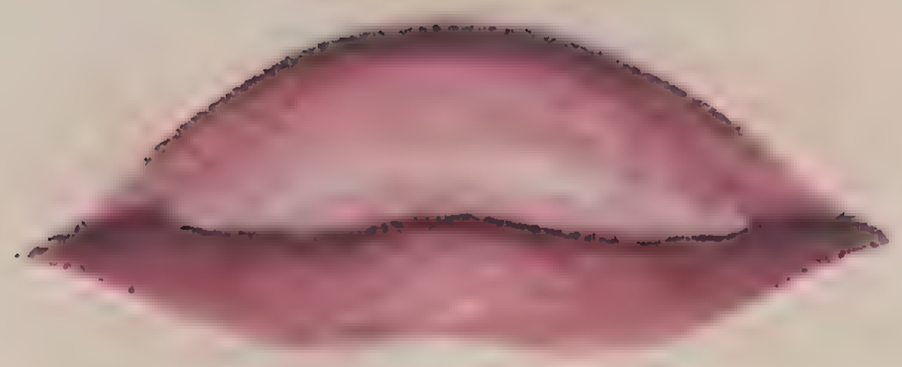
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MAKE-UP IN MEZZOTINTS

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CHARLES FITZPATR'CK



In focus now—an adventurous. electric woman who goes out to meet fashion experience and to make it, subtly, her own. Pace-setting beauty's standards, she has demanded a revolution in make-up—a new way of toning, shading, sculpting the planes and shadows of the face, not merely colouring them. One smashing response: Princess Marcella Borghese's extraordinary collection, "Roma di Notte," make-up which creates light and shade in velvet-and-matte mezzotinted tones. *Above:* Lip Brillante, the only brilliance in the soft glow of mezzotint make-up. In two shades: Roma di Notte I, the palest, luminous mauve pink and Roma di Notte II, a deeper shade of the same colour; Lipliner Pencil; Frosted Cake Shadow, to be brushed on the eyelids, in pale silver, silver blue, silver green; Translucent Powder, a matte finish for forehead. nose. chin. giving no colour of its own. Other "Roma di Notte" toners, not shown: Velluto, liquid foundation; Camaflura, a cream in stick form to minimize flaws; Crema Tinta, tubed rouge in coral or pink; Ombra, cake-toner which seems to resculpt, in shadows, the bone structure of the face—very tricky to use, but well worth it; Eye Lustre, a colourless eye highlighter in stick form.



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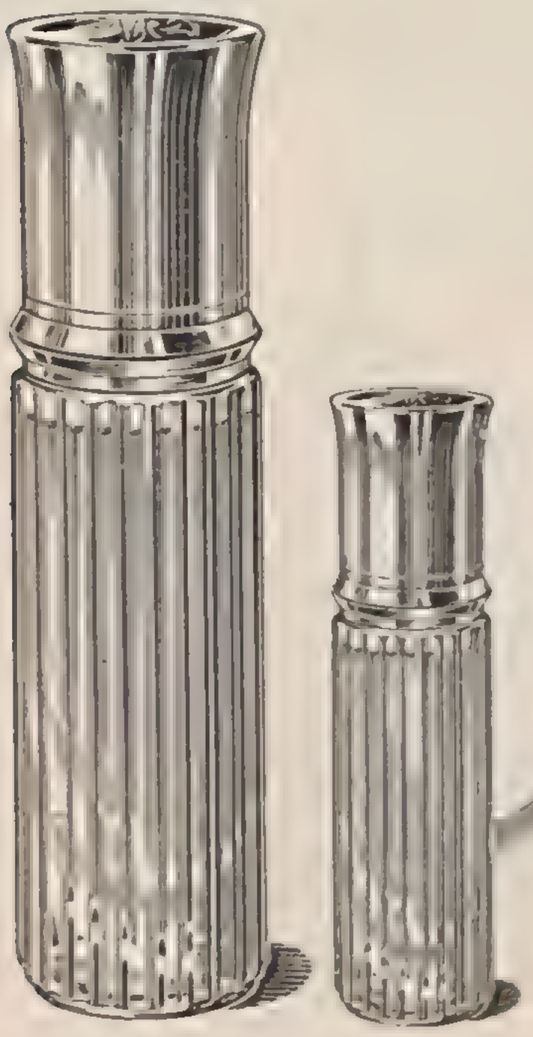
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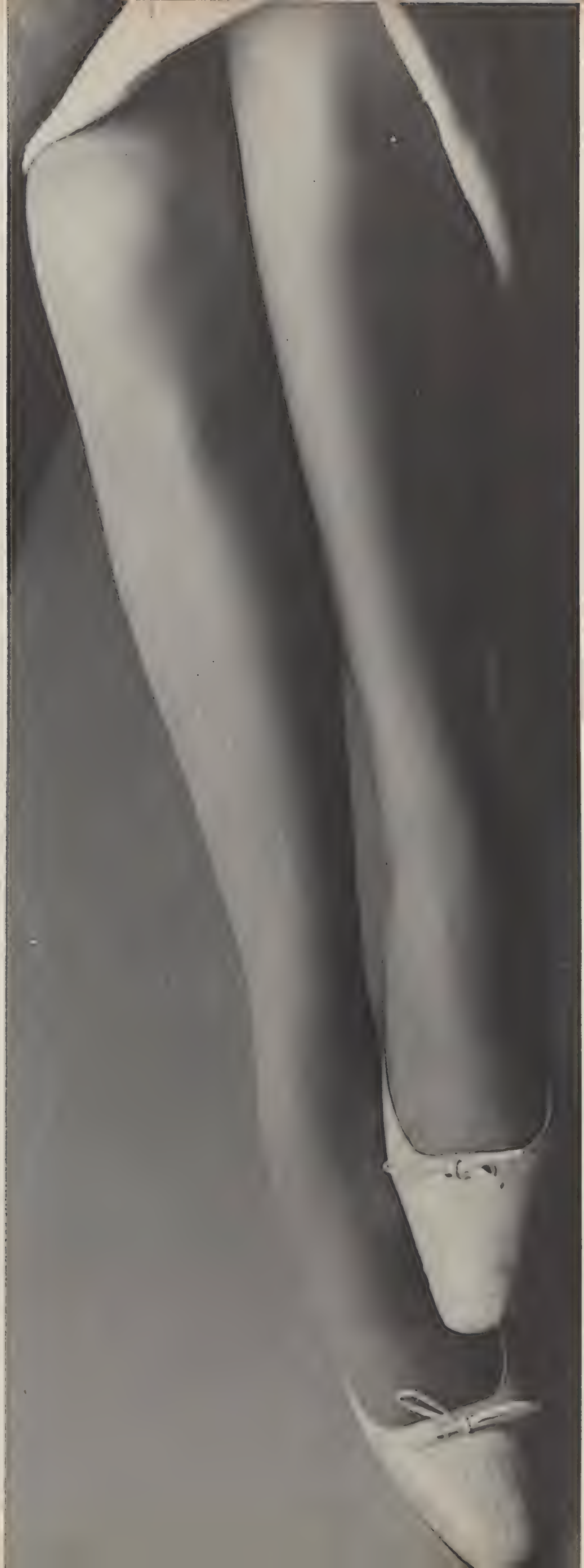
The Royal fragrance — golden, clinging, warm — now in crystal aerosols. The generous dressing table bottle holds Royal Secret Concentrée, the slim purse-size atomizer Royal Secret Perfume. Either makes a regal gift for someone you love — or even for yourself!



Germaine Monteil

OCTOBER 15, 1963

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THE WHITE SHOE



What's new is this: the climate of fashion—north, south, twelve months of the year, wherever you are this year—is white-shoe weather. White is the shoe *juste* for all the creamy wool dresses, the soft little white wool suits living it up around the world: for some of the camels and khakis, the high-key pinks and enamel blues. Shown here: white crocodile pumps, square-toed, square-throated, and pliable as glove-leather; stacked leather heels, stained black. To wear all day, late day. Designed by Roger Vivier; ready to walk, Saks Fifth Avenue.

Black crêpe, biased: a triumph of dressmaking—dolman sleeves, tiny waist, rounded hips, one perfect row of pearls added.



BALENCIAGA

KAREN RADKAI

White cloqué blouse, biased—tied like a thick silk handkerchief over the skirt of a black wool suit.





Balenciaga completely understands the life of a woman in the country, a woman in the rain, on a cold sunny day walking smartly to lunch, the intimacy of dining à deux in the country, and the glorious entrée at a gala party, and with infinite variety he supplies the most beautiful clothes for all these occasions. He understands privacy. Also excitement. Over and over again he gives women all of this—plus his own special surprises: a red lace coat over a white satin dress—a silver lamé tea gown to the floor, long sleeves, and all cut in a princesse line; then a short sleeveless satin coatdress, tight at the ribs, printed in Chinese-pink flowers, green leaves, and encrusted with huge green cabochons—and again the same flared sleeveless dress of solid black jet—a chocolate long jacket and short skirt with white mink.... For across country, the perfect short khaki skirt, a blouse-like jacket lined in Irish-green fuzz. For the wettest, most hopeless day, a shining black *imperméable*, booted and hatted for the very limit of rain....His double-breasted, sometimes loose, often belted town suits are full of loose tailoring —wonderful small high lapels—eased and extended shoulders with a little padding in front of the shoulder and big box-pleated walking skirts, adventurous highwayman's capes. He loves boots, and little chopped-off bulky topcoats often with shirt tabs....For the easy gay evening, a longer black crêpe dolman-sleeved overblouse and little short bias dresses—long bias sleeves and belted—achieving the tiniest waist possible. For little dinners, a divine short trapeze of black lace, sleeveless, with flat bows down the front....When the big evening clothes arrive, the mannequins emerge in the most beautiful colours and materials in the world. An exotic jungle of magenta, clear pink, azure blue, strong yellow, and scarlet—big black capes and amber taffeta. And for the woman who will have the adventurous, more private and personal evening, a black leotard and boots topped with a belted tunic of black cloqué velvet.

Dress, left, in America at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Suit, right, of Nattier fabric, at I. Magnin.

Inverness cape for evening: an iridescence of khaki-and-amber shot taffeta, thickly edged in looped, brown caviare-bead fringe—sensational over a steely grey lamé sheath.



BALENCIAGA

KAREN RADKAI

MacFarlane cape-coat for day—strict, square-collared, single-breasted over a suit in the same meld-of-browns plaid. Hat like a fireman's: brown felt, tipped back, bowed.



Steel-grey sheath, of lurex and silk cloqué; Bucol fabric.
Costume, at I. Magnin.
MacFarlane cape and suit, at I. Magnin.

Cigar-brown rain-suit pour la chasse—could be a chasse au taxi. High pockets, dropped shoulders, slit skirt. Furriness inside: acid-green.

KAREN RADKAI

BALENCIAGA

Coat-smash in just-off-white wool—square collar, flapped pockets, shiny black thong.

Grey checked stockings with it, pale glacé boots, beret in navy-blue suède.



Rain-suit and hat of Prudhomme cotton.
In America at I. Magnin.
Hat alone:
Bergdorf Goodman.
Coat, right, at I. Magnin.
Beret: Bergdorf Goodman.
Boots by Mancini.

The discreet black suit—shaped, simple, scarfed in black satin.

Worn with a black broadtail bowler, a blouse like a second jacket—belted, double-breasted.





GIVENCHY

KAREN BADIA

Givenchy's bright bird of a suit—orange twill, hard-tailored, almost carved. Orange silk at the neck; brown leather elsewhere.

The atmosphere of precision and miniature tailoring is rampant at Givenchy and one watches with avid rapture the little smooth tight raglan shoulders, the released backs and slim Edwardian sleeves, the tiny under-fitting blouses for the shaped jackets with set-in sleeves, the blouses like little jackets themselves. The surprise of concave backs again and princesse coats with shoulder capes—an unforgettable much-seamed and shaped belted jacket and skirt of orange whipcord—really stiff tailoring. This, worn with a brown bowler.... It is said that Givenchy played down colour, and gave us browns and blacks; well then, he played up every detail to make a woman's arms, waist, throat, and legs more seductive.... His suit skirts and two-piece-dress skirts hang like flou little half slips....He loves longer suède jackets one could wear across the country—almond green, pine green, and brown—with small knitted under-jackets....A crocodile suit of brown; a bright cinnamon lizard coat with slate-grey silk folded at the neck. Each costume has its own neck covering, either in the cut of the collar or in a thin silk perfectly folded neck cloth. ...His wool day dresses are feminine beyond words, small short sleeves, side-fastenings or a two-piece cut with hidden miracles of bias and fall....His hats have a fascinating coquetry and infinite variety: a big lynx cloche, a bowler of breasts of birds, a hard, creased bowler of smooth brown broadtail; he loves broadtail hats, smooth as *feutre de monsieur*, and very beautiful....The mannequins' jewellery is very personal: tiny seed-pearl bracelets and necklaces with extraordinary clasps. Small bands of plain rubies and tassels of diamanté, all to beguile the wearer rather than decorate the costume....The same personal approach with his marvellous furs (he surprises us with silky caracul), surely the most wonderful workmanship we have ever seen....And now in the evening Givenchy loves jade, pure pink; he loves satin and satin shantung, and, as always, embroidery—this year embroidery laid on in bands seaming together the fitted sections of tops and carved short dresses, giving a horizontal splurge that looks new and exciting. His favourite colour is a matte pale banana. And his evening bodices and jackets of brilliant bird's feathers in exotic colours, laid on flat as paillettes, were a delight and a surprise.



Orange twill suit: I. Magnin. Black wool suit and white blouse, at I. Magnin. Broadtail bowler: Berdgorf Goodman.

After six: a beautiful figure of black satin, laid close to the body with jet-covered seams. Back flat as a ballerina's; short round skirt.



KAREN RADKAI

GIVENCHY

After six: the two-piece black dress. Back perfectly straight; the front, like a concave shield with a deep unfluttery ruffle on the swing of the curve.



Black wool stripe dress and black satin dress by America at Macy's



"WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?", *the new splash of television satire dropped in the puddle of* The Ed Sullivan Show, *is impelled by the 100% young, 50% amateur people photographed at work here. The happy brunette is Jean vanden Heuvel, wife of William vanden Heuvel, the Special Assistant to the Attorney General for Civil Rights Matters. As a co-producer she helped shoo "What's Going On Here?" home with a broad-shot pattern of ideas and exuberance. Facing her are Peter Cook, of* Beyond the Fringe, *a dark young Englishman with romantically pale eyes; and, in shirtsleeves, Jonathan Miller, who stages the show (another* Fringer), *a craggy man who tries to talk as fast as he thinks—an impossible clip. John Bird, missing from this photograph, is the third Englishman. Also on the team, for the U. S.: Calvin Trillin,* far left, *a* New Yorker *staff writer charged with keeping the show American; and, showing only his back, co-producer Clay Felker who, since he is in his thirties, speaks for age. At this planning meeting, in the Vanden Heuvels' New York apartment, they all swung at ideas, knocked down, among others, pop-up beer cans, Lyndon Johnson, the World Series, Henry Cabot Lodge, the Ecumenical Council, and John H. Glenn, Jr. Then someone said, "How about the Great Train*



BRUCE DAVIDSON

Robbery?" That did it. Peter Cook, assuming a Macmillan-on-BBC voice, explained gently that he, the Prime Minister, mindermasted—er—masterminded the whole thing. He has a billion in bullion, now, up his nose. He is confessing, it seems, because it had been blamed on Dr. Stephen Ward by people who think "he's the nasty kind who would plan this sort of thing after he's dead." The meeting whooped into self-wound hilarity, the spontaneous funniness college boys sometimes achieve—gruesome, energetic, and without formula. If "What's Going On Here?" succeeds, Americans have been missing, but will now get, the sublime sophomore.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Albert Finney, who haphazardly combines hysteria and common sense, but who has remarkable control as Luther in *Luther*. . . . "The Philip," a London dance done with hands behind the back. . . . Muriel Spark, who cuts her characters in her new novel, *The Girls of Slender Means*, with a switch blade which somehow gives them more depth, makes them more absurdly funny, and gives her style even more potency. . . . The wow of Paris—the supermarkets, Inno, where the clever ones crowd to buy whisky, television sets, mangoes.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The glazing sleepiness of the enlarged—like a spleen—television news programs of Huntley and Brinkley which almost equal the inertia of the CBS late news broadcasts with their local reporters who rarely ask the singularly important sensible question. . . . The marvellous Obratsov Puppets. . . . *The Neurotic's Notebook*, a small pink book by Mignon McLaughlin, a knowledgeable skeptic who writes as sparsely as though she were cabling such observations as this one: "A marriage that has run out of desire is like a household that has run out of bread."

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The fanaticism of the young in London for Garbo—they don't remember her—they are seeing her for the first time. . . . The new tribute to travellers—large bowls overflowing with small varied bunches of flowers, perhaps four tight clutches of yellow roses, three of geraniums, three of purple anemones, three of white carnations, and four of pale golden small chrysanthemums. . . . *The Bestiary* record by Flanders and Swann who go on being funny in a frightfully gentlemanly way about animals, like footmen mimicking in the butler's pantry.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . Delphine Seyrig, that beauty who has suddenly become the most wanted actress in Paris—movies, plays, television. . . . *The Conjugal Bed*, the new Italian movie, which has, among its pleasures, Marina Vlady, an actress of stinging delight, who, in this film, loves her husband to death. . . . The burst of exuberance, like joyous shouts, in the big, new Hans Hofmann paintings in his exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art. . . . The bear-hug embrace with which readers around the country have seized upon Jessica Mitford's horrified book, *The American Way of Death*, as though they had come upon the absurdity of some undertakers, of some cemeteries for the first time.



"How to get to the top of the creative tree"

By David Ogilvy

Managing an advertising agency is like managing any other creative organization—a research laboratory, a magazine, an architect's office, a great kitchen.

Thirty years ago I was a chef at the Hotel Majestic in Paris. Henri Soulé of the Pavillon tells me that it was probably the best kitchen there has ever been.

There were thirty-seven chefs in our brigade. We worked like dervishes, sixty-three hours a week—there was no trade union. From morning to night we sweated and shouted and cursed and cooked. Every man jack was inspired by one ambition: to cook better than any chef had ever cooked before. Our *esprit de corps* would have done credit to the Marines.

I have always believed that if I could understand how Monsieur Pitard, the head chef, inspired such white-hot morale, I could apply the same kind of leadership to the management of my advertising agency.

To begin with, he was the best cook in the whole brigade, and we knew it. He had to spend most of his time at his desk, planning menus, scrutinizing bills, and ordering supplies, but once a week he would emerge from his glass-walled office in the middle of the kitchen and actually *cook* something. A crowd of us always gathered around to watch, spellbound by his virtuosity. It was inspiring to work for a supreme master.

(Following Chef Pitard's example, I still write occasional advertisements myself, to remind my brigade of copywriters that my hand has not lost its cunning.)

M. Pitard ruled with a rod of iron, and we were terrified of him. There he sat in his glass cage, the *gros bonnet*, the arch symbol of authority. Whenever I made a mistake in my work, I would look up to see if his gimlet eye had noticed it.

Cooks, like copywriters, work under ferocious pressures, and are apt to be quarrelsome. I doubt whether a more easy-going boss could have prevented our rivalries from breaking into violence. M. Bourgignon, our *chef saucier*, told me that by the time a cook is forty, he is either dead or crazy. I understood what he meant the night our *chef potagier* threw forty-seven raw eggs across the kitchen at my head, scoring nine direct hits; his patience had been exhausted by my raids on his stock pot in search of bones for the poodles of an important client.

Our *chef pâtissier* was equally eccentric. Every night he left the kitchen with a chicken concealed in the crown of his Homburg hat. When he went on vacation he made me stuff two dozen peaches into the legs of his long underwear. But when the King and Queen of England were given a state dinner at Versailles, this roguish genius was chosen from all the *pâtissiers* in France to prepare the ornamental baskets of sugar and the *petits fours glacés*.

M. Pitard praised very seldom, but when he did, we were exalted to the skies. When the President of France came to a banquet at the Majestic, the atmosphere in our kitchen was electric. On one of these memorable occasions, I was covering frogs' legs with a white *chaud-froid* sauce, decorating each little thigh with an ornate leaf of chervil. Suddenly I became aware that M. Pitard was (Continued on next page)

DAVID OGILVY, one of the three wonders of the advertising world—no one has yet figured what the other two are—is a sandy, ruddy, stubborn Scot of interested attractiveness whose opinions, based on common sense, knowledge, and a Highland humour, have the kind of sand that sometimes rubs other people ruddy. That may well happen when his new book, Confessions of an Advertising Man, *is published later this month by Atheneum. For the article here, an excerpt from that book, Mr. Ogilvy offered some seventeen title suggestions, including "The Secret of Success in Cooking and Advertising," "Cantankerous Egotism—the Secret of Leadership," "The Night the Chef Bombarded Me with Eggs." If he could have, he would have worked into the title the name of his agency—Ogilvy, Benson & Mather. He believes that advertising agencies, like anyone else, should "tolerate genius." To many people in his field he is a genius—the originator of the man with the black patch who brought Hathaway shirts to notice, the writer of this sentence: "At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Rolls-Royce comes from the electric clock." He also believes in facts. Here are some about him: he was born in England, he calls himself a Scot because his ancestors on the Ogilvy side were Scots, he is a cousin of Rebecca West, he had a time as a chef but said, when asked if he still cooks, "Any man who goes into his wife's kitchen is an ass. No professional chef ever disobeys this rule. It leads to disaster." He continually asks advice, a device that makes anyone feel like a genius. Famously loyal to his clients, whose products he always uses, he left the photographer's studio, after sitting for this portrait, wearing a navy-blue suit from Sears, Roebuck. He drove off in his big black Rolls-Royce.*

...RT STERN

"The greatest creations have been inspired by the desire

standing beside me, watching. I was so frightened that my knees knocked together and my hands trembled. He took the pencil from his starched toque and waved it in the air, his signal for the whole brigade to gather. Then he pointed at my frogs' legs and said, very slowly and very quietly, "That's how to do it." I was his slave for life.

(Today I praise my staff as rarely as Pitard praised his chefs, in the hope that they too will appreciate it more than a steady gush of appreciation.)

M. Pitard gave us all a great sense of occasion. One evening when I had prepared a Soufflé Rothschild (with three liqueurs) he took me upstairs to the door of the dining room and allowed me to watch President Paul Doumer eat it. Three weeks later, on May 7, 1932, Doumer was dead. (Not from my soufflé, but from the bullet of a mad Russian.)

I find that people who work in my agency get a similar charge out of state occasions. When a crisis keeps them working all night, their morale is high for weeks afterward.

M. Pitard did not tolerate incompetence. He knew that it is demoralizing for professionals to work alongside incompetent amateurs. I saw him fire three pastry cooks in a month for the same crime: they could not make the caps on their brioches rise evenly. Mr. Gladstone would have applauded such ruthlessness; he held that the "first essential for a Prime Minister is to be a good butcher."

M. Pitard taught me exorbitant standards of service. For example, he once heard me tell a waiter that we were fresh out of the *plat du jour*—and almost fired me for it. In a great kitchen, he said, one must always honour what one has promised on the menu. I pointed out that the dish in question would take so long to cook that no client would wait for a new batch to be prepared. Was it our famous *coulibiac de saumon,* a complicated kedgeree made with the spine marrow of sturgeon, semolina kaché, salmon collops, mushrooms, onions, and rice, rolled up in a brioche paste and baked for fifty minutes? Or was it our still more exotic Karoly Éclairs, stuffed with a purée of woodcocks' entrails, cooked in champagne, covered with a brown *chaud-froid* sauce, and masked with game jelly? At this distance of time, I do not remember, but I remember exactly what Pitard said to me: "Next time you see that we are running out of a *plat du jour,* come and tell me. I will then get on the telephone to other hotels and restaurants until I find one which has the same dish on its menu. Then I will send you in a taxi to bring back a supply. Never again tell a waiter that we are fresh out of anything."

(Today I see red when anybody at Ogilvy, Benson & Mather tells a client that we can not produce an advertisement or a television commercial on the day we have promised it. In the best establishments, promises are always kept, whatever it may cost in agony and overtime.)

Soon after I joined M. Pitard's brigade I was faced with a problem in morality for which neither my father nor my schoolmasters had prepared me. The *chef garde-manger* sent me to the *chef saucier* with some raw sweetbreads which smelled so putrid that I knew they would endanger the life of any client who ate them; the sauce would mask their condition, and the client would eat them. I protested to the *chef garde-manger,* but he told me to carry out his order; he knew that he would be in hot water if M. Pitard discovered that he had run out of fresh sweetbreads. What was I to do? I had been brought up to believe that it is dishonourable to inform. But I did just that. I took the putrid sweetbreads to M. Pitard, and invited him to smell them. Without a word to me, he went over to the *chef garde-manger* and fired him. The poor bastard had to leave, then and there.

In *Down and Out in Paris and London* George Orwell told the world that French kitchens are dirty. He had never worked at the Majestic. M. Pitard was a martinet in making us keep the kitchen clean. Twice a day I had to scrape the wooden surface of the larder table with a sharp plane. Twice a day the floor was scrubbed and clean sawdust put down. Once a week a bug-catcher scoured the kitchen in search of roaches. We were issued clean uniforms every morning.

(Today I am a martinet in making my staff keep their offices shipshape. A messy office creates an atmosphere of sloppiness, and leads to the disappearance of secret papers.)

We cooks were badly paid, but M. Pitard made so much from the commissions which his suppliers paid him that he could afford to live in a château. Far from concealing his wealth from the rest of us, he drove to work in a taxi, carried a cane with a gold head, and dressed, when off duty, like an international banker. This flaunting of privilege stimulated our ambition to follow in his footsteps.

The immortal Auguste Escoffier had the same idea. When he was *Chef des Cuisines* at the Carlton in London before the First World War, he used to drive to the Derby on the box of a coach-and-four, dressed in a grey frock coat and top hat. Among my fellow cooks at the Majestic, Escoffier's *Guide Culinaire* was still the definitive authority, the court of last appeal in all our arguments about recipes. Just before he died he emerged from retirement and came to luncheon in our kitchen; it was like Brahms lunching with the musicians of the Philharmonic.

During the service of luncheon and dinner, M. Pitard stationed himself at the counter where we cooks handed our dishes to the waiters. He inspected every single dish before it left the kitchen. Sometimes he sent it back to the cook for more work. Always he reminded us not to put too much on the plate— "*pas trop!*" He wanted the Majestic to make a profit.

(Today I inspect every campaign before it goes to the cli-

to make money." DAVID OGILVY

ent, and send back many of them for more work. And I share M. Pitard's passion for profit.)

Perhaps the ingredient in M. Pitard's leadership which made the most profound impression on me was his industry. I found my sixty-three hours bending over a red-hot stove so exhausting that I had to spend my day off duty lying on my back in a meadow, looking at the sky. But Pitard worked *seventy-seven* hours a week, and took only one free day a fortnight.

(That is about my schedule today. I figure that my staff will be less reluctant to work overtime if I work longer hours than they do. An executive who recently left my agency wrote in his farewell letter, "You set the pace on doing homework. It is a disconcerting experience to spend a Saturday evening in the garden next door to your house, carousing for four hours while you sit, unmoving, at your desk by the window doing your homework. The word gets around.")

I learned something else at the Majestic: If you can make yourself indispensable to a client, you will never be fired. Our most important client, an American lady who occupied a suite of seven rooms, subjected herself to a diet which was based on a baked apple at every meal. One day she threatened to move to the Ritz unless her apple was always *burst*. I developed a technique of baking *two* apples, passing their flesh through a sieve to remove all traces of core, and then replacing the flesh of both apples in one skin. The result was the most voluptuous baked apple our client had ever seen, and more calories than she ever suspected. Word came down to the kitchen that the chef who was baking those apples must be given tenure.

My closest friend was an elderly *argentier*. His most cherished memory was a vision of Edward VII (Edward the Caressor) floating majestically across the sidewalk to his brougham after two magnums of *entente cordiale* at Maxim's. My friend was a Communist. Nobody cared about that; they were far more impressed by my own nationality. A Scotsman in a French kitchen is as rare as a Scotsman on Madison Avenue. My fellow chefs, who had heard tales of my ancestral Highlands, christened me *Sauvage*.

I became still more *sauvage* when I arrived on Madison Avenue. Managing an advertising agency isn't all beer and skittles. After fourteen years of it, I have come to the conclusion that the top man has one principal responsibility: to provide an atmosphere in which creative mavericks can do useful work. Dr. William Menninger has described the difficulties with uncanny insight:

"In the advertising industry to be successful you must, of necessity, accumulate a group of creative people. This probably means a fairly high percentage of high-strung, brilliant, eccentric nonconformists.

"Like most doctors, you are on call day and night, seven days a week. This constant pressure on every advertising executive must take a considerable physical and psychological toll—the pressure that the executive places on the account executive, on the supervisor, and they in turn on the creative people. Then, most of all, the clients' pressures on them and on you.

"A special problem with the employees of an advertising agency is that each one watches the other one very carefully to see if one gets a carpet before the other, to see if one has an assistant before the other, or to see if one makes an extra nickel before the other. It isn't that they want the carpet or the assistant or the nickel so much as it is the recognition of their 'standing with father.'

"The executive is inevitably a father figure. To be a good father, whether it is to his children or to his associates, requires that he be understanding, that he be considerate, and that he be human enough to be *affectionate*."

Dr. Frank Barron at the University of California's Institute of Personality Assessment has done promising research on creative people. His conclusions fit my own observations:

"Creative people are especially observant, and they value accurate observation (telling themselves the truth) more than other people do.

"They often express part-truths, but this they do vividly; the part they express is the generally unrecognized; by displacement of accent and apparent disproportion in statement they seek to point to the usually unobserved.

"They see things as others do, but also as others do not.

"They are born with greater brain capacity; they have more ability to hold many ideas at once, and to compare more ideas with one another—hence to make a richer synthesis.

"They are by constitution more vigorous, and have available to them an exceptional fund of psychic and physical energy.

"Their universe is thus more complex, and in addition they usually lead more complex lives.

"They have more contact than most people do with the life of the unconscious—with fantasy, reverie, the world of imagination."

Whenever I see a remarkable advertisement or television commercial, I find out who wrote it. Then I call the writer on the telephone and congratulate him on his work. A poll has shown that creative people would rather work at Ogilvy, Benson & Mather than at any other agency, so my telephone call often produces an application for a job.

I then ask the candidate to send me the six best advertisements and commercials he has (Continued on page 146)



Paris nights: explosions of colour– explosions of white

VOGUE, October 15, 1953

Blue like a bird's plumage, green as coolly brilliant as jade—two of the ravishing explosions of colour that raged through Paris this year....The great counter-rage: white in every fabric —two examples coming next page.

Kingfisher-blue satin, right, worn with a straight-on chechia of grey fur, pale-blue leather gloves. One of St. Laurent's superb tunics, showing a bit of black velvet underskirt and big, Byzantine-crossed pearls and carnelian falling where the collar folds over. Fabric by Abraham. In America at I. Magnin.

Jade-green cloqué, left, a great beauty from the Dior collection: long, double-breasted coat, very high-collared over an incredibly pure-shaped dress—covered neck, maillot seams, a touch of fit at the hips. Fabric by Lesage. At I. Magnin. Alexandre's stacked-high coiffure is pinned in tortoiseshell. On both pages: Kislav gloves.

PENN

the beautiful thing that happened in Paris: a storm of white arriving, like snow, around six and going on into evening. At Courrèges, the arrival was marked with a glimmer of colour—clean and biting...as here. Green almond set in white, at right. Rolled-collar wool crêpe overblouse, notched-collared topcoat of wool whipcord. Courrèges added only tortoiseshell beads and a big black mink beret—perfectly plain, perfect. Elizabeth Arden's Arden Pink lipstick.



White struck with pink, right. One of the prettiest suits in the world. White wool, with a little round tube of collar, a wide band at the jacket hem, and a clear-pink satin overblouse that stops precisely where the band begins. Matte white kidskin gloves with this, a jet necklace and pendant, and Courrèges' favourite beret—black mink, pulled down to the eyebrows. Roger Faré gloves. Again with white: Arden Pink lipstick. Both costumes, in America, are at I. Magnin.







PUCCI:
THE FIRES WITHIN

From Emilio Pucci—a flaming incendiary with colour—two at-home costumes in blazing Indonesian prints on velveteen; worn, in Paris, by Mme. Xavier Givaudan, a tall young French beauty. Long skirt and cardigan, *left*, of velveteen in a brilliant Balinese print; acid-green silk shirt, crimson velvet belt. Long, hip-yoked velveteen skirt, *right*, a riot of Indonesian colours; black silk shirt. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Wolfskin rug: Chombert. Coiffures: Alexandre. Setting: Roger Vivier's apartment on the Quai d'Orsay.



THE LONG FUR NIGHTS

On these four pages, the night coat supreme—floods of fur, running horizontally from neck to ankle, inside and out. Worn with them, big beautiful turbans or velvet hats, veiled and sweeping—as Belle Epoque as a portrait by Sargent. Dark mink, wrapped to the throat, opposite; a touch of fullness in the skirt. Of Umpa natural dark ranch mink. Earrings: Robert Originals. Emme brimmy brown velvet hat, with warm-brown mists of veiling. Ankle-covering boots: Christian Dior-New York. To order: Bonwit Teller. Leigh Hammond red fox rug. Long white mink, left, with a collar turned off the neck, slightly lifted waist. Of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink. Necklaces of brilliants by Apex Art. Evins shoes. Lilly Daché's huge white satin turban. Both coats, by Maximilian. Also, at Holt Renfrew of Canada.



Rain or not, these are ravishing: floor-length evening raincoats like glorious storm effects—gleaming silks, teeming with fur inside. Pale-jade peau de soie, left, with broad bands of sable inside. Outside: shirring from a low yoke, sleeves just short of the wrist. The hat: a sweep of black velvet and clouds of veiling. The coat by Lawrence of London, Russian sable lining: Ben Kahn. At Lord & Taylor; Bullock's-Wilshire. Hat: Mr. John. Crinkled black silk, right, and a storm of tip-dyed fitch. Shirt collar, narrow sleeves, jot of fit. By Modelia. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Dayton's; Harzfeld's. Halston veiled hat, to order: Bergdorf Goodman. Hattie Carnegie earrings. Kislav gloves. Red fox rug, both pages: by Leigh Hammond.

THE LONG RAINCOAT— FUR INSIDE



NIGHT
FALLS—
THE
LONG
LEAN
GLEAMS

LOUIS FAURER

To put gleams in the thousand eyes of night—looks not just long, but elongated by narrowness. The gleams: moire in pale glittering ripples, shiny white re-shined with black beaded sleeves. Gold leanings, left, in beige moire with lamé watermarks, making a fluid fall of dress with hip-length overblouse, slit skirt that gilt-frames beautiful legs and shoes. By Philip Hulitar, in moire of viscose and Mylar. Necklaces, like abaci of unreal amethysts, by Brania. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Julius Garfinckel; Sakowitz. Natural Russian Crown sable stole by Ritter Bros. Shoes: Herbert Levine. Hair: John of Enzo da Perugia. A long sleeveless coat, right, one of this season's marvellous night-ideas, clears the way for sleeves, flowered in jet beads, that are part of the dress inside. Coat and dress, both of white silk-and-wool fabric with a nubby light-catching gloss. By Rosalie Macrini; at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Coolie hat: Adolfo.



INGE MORATH

MARY

Peter Duval Smith, who likes to talk to authors in front of the television cameras of the British Broadcasting Corporation, spoke at great length to Miss McCarthy and her husband in Paris in a small flat loaned to them by Arthur Miller. In spite of the harsh lights and the little crowd of eavesdropping technicians, Miss McCarthy, author of the new novel, The Group, *didn't appear nervous, although she claimed she was. She wore a plain black dress with a string of pearls, her hair pulled back in a knot.*

MCCARTHY: Well, you know, I've always thought that women—women novelists at any rate—could be divided into the sense women and the sensibility women. It's one of Jane Austen's titles, *Sense and Sensibility*, and there's the sensible heroine who is the sensibility girl. And I don't really mean by that an opposition between the intelligence and the heart. In fact, at least in Jane Austen, the sensibility girl often is quite unfeeling and selfish and even heartless, whereas the sense girl has a good deal of discipline of the will, self-control, and so on.

Some people would say that the sensibility girls were the only ones capable of powerful feeling, but I'd rather say they're mostly just interested in their own perceptions—they're rather flighty, perhaps a bit weak. And the sense women—I'm still talking about Jane Austen—the sense women are strong with a kind of robust mind, with common sense, a certain knowledge of the world and the way things work, and with humour.

SMITH: Doesn't the label apply to writers as well as their characters? Which is Jane Austen, sense writer or sensibility writer?

MCCARTHY: Well, she's obviously, I think, a sense writer. She's always striving a bit to overcome her sensibility, but she's a sense writer, with a certain romantic tendency maybe, but she remains a woman of sense.

SMITH: What other women of sense have been good novelists?

MCCARTHY: Oh, George Eliot certainly is a sense writer, and among the Americans . . . well, Edith Wharton certainly was a sense writer.

SMITH: And among contemporaries?

MCCARTHY: We don't seem to be so strong on the sense anymore. Among American women writers today I'd say Eudora Welty. Even though she writes in a kind of fanciful vein, she has an extremely robust sense of humour—a strange kind of humour. I would say she was a sense writer.

SMITH: Carson McCullers, for instance, is not a sense writer?

MCCARTHY: No, definitely not—she's a sensibility writer. They tend, as I say, to be interested in their own feelings, and—what shall we say—in the interior décor of the emotions.

SMITH: You are a sense writer definitely?

MCCARTHY: I wish I were. Yes, I'd like to be.

SMITH: You know the way that women novelists hate so much to be called women novelists—why is this?

MCCARTHY: Do you think so? I don't mind being called a woman novelist. After all, I am one. But I know what you mean. I think it's just a piece of feminism. Mind you, I hate the endings in "ess"—I'd hate to be called an authoress, or a sculptress—and I suppose, in that sense, to call a woman novelist a woman novelist, instead of just calling her a novelist, is like putting an "ess" on the end.

SMITH: This self-consciousness isn't a new thing. Remember the Brontës played at being men: their books were first published under male pseudonyms. Were they sensibility writers or sense ones?

MCCARTHY: Well, let's see . . . Charlotte Brontë had a touch of both, I would say, but Emily was certainly a pure sensibility writer.

SMITH: And why were they ashamed of being women novelists?

MCCARTHY: I don't think it was that they were ashamed. It's a question of the reading public. George Eliot wrote under the pseudonym of a person purporting to be a young clergyman because had she written under her own name her novels wouldn't have sold. It was a purely practical matter, I think.

SMITH: You've got a passion for George Eliot. Why, and for which of her books especially?

MCCARTHY: Well, chiefly *Middlemarch* which I think is really one of the great novels; and I like the first part of *Daniel Deronda* very much, and I also like *The Mill on the Floss*. I know it's a rather different kind of book, and there's certainly more picture-painting, more delicate watercolour stuff, but it's still, I would say, a sense book rather than a sensibility one. It's very touching, I like it very much.

SMITH: Is it because George Eliot is a woman writer that you like her? Does she say something to you as from woman to woman?

MCCARTHY: I wouldn't think so. . . .

SMITH: You like her in just the same way as you like Dickens or Henry James?

MCCARTHY: Yes—or Tolstoy. . . . I think so. . . . I think that the women sense writers usually have a certain amount of moral strictness—moral rigour, severity. But you also find that in Tolstoy in the strongest way. You might say that there was a feminine streak in Tolstoy; I don't think so, but I don't see any difference in the way he looks at people. Perhaps George Eliot understands her women characters better than some women novelists do, but I don't read her as a woman, I read her as a reader.

SMITH: You say you like the first part of *Daniel Deronda* very

McCARTHY SAID:

"Men have more feeling, women more intelligence."

much, but some of that is practically propaganda for feminism, isn't it?

MCCARTHY: Yes, but I don't like that bit.

SMITH: Do you think there are specifically masculine and feminine qualities in intellect?

MCCARTHY: In general I would say that men actually have more feeling, and women perhaps more intelligence. I know this isn't the usual way round to put it. I think men are more available for feeling, but that women have quicker minds—perhaps not so powerful, perhaps not such powerful intellects; they perhaps aren't able to go so deep or with such breadth into things—there are no great women philosophers, for example. But for sheer quick intelligence and reason women are better, I think. Women are extremely reasonable.

SMITH: Why are there no great women poets?

MCCARTHY: There are some.

SMITH: I'm thinking of Dante and Goethe and Shakespeare, people who produced a pretty immense range of great work.

MCCARTHY: Well, I don't know, I'd almost agree, but Virginia Woolf you know.... It's probably a question of having the time to do it. And also conventions play some part, and lack of experience. It would have been extremely difficult for a woman to become a Goethe or a Dante. Perhaps in the future....

SMITH: There aren't great women playwrights either.

MCCARTHY: No, there aren't, and that I think is maybe because a play after all is really a contest, and action is the essential of a drama. And I think it's a little bit true that women tend to view things either as passive creatures who are acted upon rather than who act, or as observers. There's the aunt who's the observer, you know, and the pretty niece to whom things happen, but who seldom causes anything to happen.

SMITH: Yes, but isn't it ideal for a playwright to be an observer? He's presumed to have more detachment than any other kind of writer, in that he mustn't take sides in his play or he's liable to mess it up.

MCCARTHY: That is true enough. But the main thing is the action, and I think that if this world perhaps becomes more feminized that's one reason why there'll be fewer plays written. Mind you, it is very hard for any of us, men or women, to imagine an action anymore because we've all become more and more passive in the contemporary world.

SMITH: If women do have more detachment than men, why do the heroes produced by some women novelists have this quality of wild exaggeration about them that (Continued on page 142)

By Peter Duval Smith

The going chic

A NEW POINT OF VIEW
ABOUT CLOTHES
THAT MOVE
ACROSS
THE PACIFIC...
ACROSS
THE COUNTRY...

This is Vogue's first and vital word about going—anywhere, across the country, around the world: take only the kinds of clothes you'd wear at home, take very little. For two months in the Pacific, for instance, one of the most dazzlingly organized travellers we know packs just two suitcases. Medium-size. Navy blue. One she calls Hot, the other Cold, and both have been brightly striped across the corners with green masking tape—not only two of the most instantly recognizable suitcases in the world, but—clearly—two of the most exquisitely planned, and those plans we propose to divulge right here. . . . To begin with, since any stretch in the Pacific will involve some city life, some country, a bit of spring and autumn, a snap of winter, lots of summer, Mrs. M. prefaces each trip by auditioning her entire year-round New York wardrobe. Everything tempting and hangable goes on one of those wheeled clothes racks . . . accessories in appetizing little pools beneath . . . lingerie on the bed. Then she edits: No odd belts—too tight in the tropics, too easy to lose in transit. . . . No pants, no shorts—fine if you're committed to the sea life just whipping up now in Australia and New Zealand, touristy in everyday Pacific city-life. . . . Gloves—two pairs of white cotton for the summer cities (Sydney, Manila, Wellington); eight-button matte white kid for all city-evenings; long woolly nanny gloves (the Japan Alps, the Indian hill towns are divine—and freezing); a pair of leather to wear with a woollen suit. (Which is what you'll fly in, what you'll live in in Hong Kong, Kyoto, Tokyo. Wear one en route; pack another.) . . . Extra skirts are a bore—a suit skirt, plus a good cotton shirt, and a cardigan to knot over it is a charming day-look if you're sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu. And exactly right for the pretty little Portuguese island of Macao, on the Canton River. (Fan-tan is the big thing here—played in an ambiance of pink and green tiled houses, a November spring.) . . . Do take a small, crushable summery hat—wear it, with linen, for lunch in Canberra, at the Melbourne Cup Race, November 5. . . . About linen: be fairly extravagant in the packing of same. Lined, loosely fitted lightweight linen dresses in light, clear colours are marvellous in all the warm Pacific countries. Wear them day after day in really cityish places—Manila, Djarkarta, Suva, in Fiji. Where day-dressing runs more to bare cottons and lots of sleek skin showing—Taiwan, Bali, Tahiti—nothing looks cooler or more polished in the evening than an austerely tailored linen in a strong colour. Note, too: tributes of flowers are inescapable in the tropics—leis in Hawaii, and all over Tahiti you can expect coronets of red hibiscus and white frangipani plumed with green fern. Chalk white, ice blue, lacquery orange are some of the most delicious backgrounds you can provide when the flowers flow. (Don't, by the way, think twice about linen wrinkling—laundries in the Pacific are lightning quick.) . . . Have at least three cardigans at the ready, even in the tropics (Thailand is becoming as famous for air conditioning as it is for silk): white to go with everything, something as bright as your brightest linen, something very pale—it will probably double as a bed jacket. . . . Do take a little black silk for restaurant-dinners in Singapore—alternate it with a wildly printed silk jersey for day. . . . You'll need some nylon stockings for the big cities (it is perfectly permissible—and bliss—to go bare-legged in the hot spots). Also black leotards, woolly textured stockings—the Kyoto temples are magnificent and cold, and you will be expected to remove your shoes. Kyoto's Junidanya restaurant—like all the good eating places in Japan—also operates on a shoeless policy. Beef Mizutaki is the thing to eat, and the way to eat it is at a perilously low table, stocking feet dangling over a warmish-coal pit. For similar reasons, a pair of boots is a *must*. . . . For the cold places, have a fur. For jetting from hot to cold: a woollen coat. For all Pacific climates—alas—a poplin raincoat. . . . Omit superfluous shoes: one pair, each, of the following: bedroom slippers, strippy flat sandals, stout walking shoes (to wear en route, not pack); a pair of black opera pumps and a pair of white to wear with Everything. . . . Beware of too many evening clothes—mostly, a pretty short dress will rise to every occasion. If you feel the need of a long dress, wrap a heavy column of white crêpe in a plastic bag, pack it flat at the bottom of your Cold suitcase, use in Hong Kong. (Do not, in that city, even dream of wearing one of those ravishing Dynasty silks. For Westerners it would be, in a word, □.)

When a knockout suit is indicated, here's what goes: Double-breasted beige tweed, thick and whitened; shaped front, flat back. The right coat: beige checks reversible to tweed. By Ben Zuckerman, of Litex wool. Costume, Marvella earrings, hat by Adolfo: Bonwit Teller. Suit and coat: Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Walter Katten handbag. Dermatics new Pink Coco lipstick. On the next pages, more of what goes—anywhere.

BERT STERN

The going chic

What a wonderful way to go, right: Norell's great raglan-seamed cape, hung straight over comfortably slender pants and showing—through its wide set-back collar and sensibly deep arm-slits—one of his marvellous new seamed-to-the-body wool jersey blouses. Cocoa brown here—lovely with the earth-and-sky colouring of the wool tweed. Schreiner earrings. Both: Bonwit Teller. Costume: Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin. (Note: a matching skirt can also be found at these shops. Norell's feeling about pants: transit only.) Viola Weinberger gloves.

When tailoring is like this—strict but unfettering, in a really firm, weighty wool—then nothing goes like a suit. Norman Norell again, this time in a double-breasted plaid—red, green, purple, and brown; red wool jersey blouse. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves. Coiffures, both pages, by Guillaume of Elizabeth Arden; Capricorn hairpieces.





The going chic

Standing for its first picture, left, a never-before mink—deep, silky, ravishingly long-haired, and wanted whenever the climate calls for a marvellous fur (Tokyo calling this minute). By Ritter Bros., in the breed that Saga calls Sami. Also at Goldwaters; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Van S gilt necklace and pendant: Altman's. Talbott sweater of Orlon. Harriet Hubbard Ayer new Panama Peach lipstick. Both pages: Van Raalte gloves.

Great big beautiful white coat, right, as soft and thick as llama. Brown leather half-sash with it, and lots of snow-white indicated—the Japan Alps, the beautiful hill places of India, are where to find the real thing now. Coat by Trigère, in a deep-piled woollen mix. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Dayton's. Golo boots of suèded kidskin by Levor. Sunglasses from Kobley & Stern. Both coiffures are by Peronne of the Kenneth Salon.



BERT STERN

A DICTIONARY
FROM
AUSTRALIA
TO
ZAMBOANGA
BY
SANTHA RAMA RAU

Pacific Adventures



PETE TURNER

THAILAND *Golden Buddha*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Santha Rama Rau, an attractive young woman who writes with conviction, versatility, and charm will have her sixth book,* Gandhi and Nehru, *published this spring by Viking. The wife of the American writer, Faubion Bowers, and the daughter of Sir Benegal Rama Rau, a former Indian diplomat, she spans Occident and Orient as imperceptibly as the international dateline.*

A is for Asia for a very good reason in my travel alphabet because, with only the smallest sense of adventure. Asia can provide some of the most unusual, exotic, and charming experiences that a traveller or tourist can find.

Asia in another sense is a continent, on the whole unexplored, full of variety, complexity, and delights. A continent where more than half the population of the world lives, where history is buried five thousand years deep.

A traveller could contrast the tough but delicious abalone (served raw, thinly sliced, in its shell, with a sharp spicy sauce) on a northern Japanese beach with the very delicate miniature trout called ayu served in elegant restaurants, where you can watch the nighttime fishing performed with cormorants from the river boats. The fish are too tiny to be caught with a hook; only a cormorant who swallows the trout intact and stores it in his pouch is any use in this rarefied form of fishing. The fishermen in boats, with

(Continued on next page)

INDIA *"Rama and Sita in the Forest." A Mogul painting, about 1780 (in the collection of Mrs. Douglas Barrett, Drayton Parslow, England), from "Painting of India," published by Skira.*

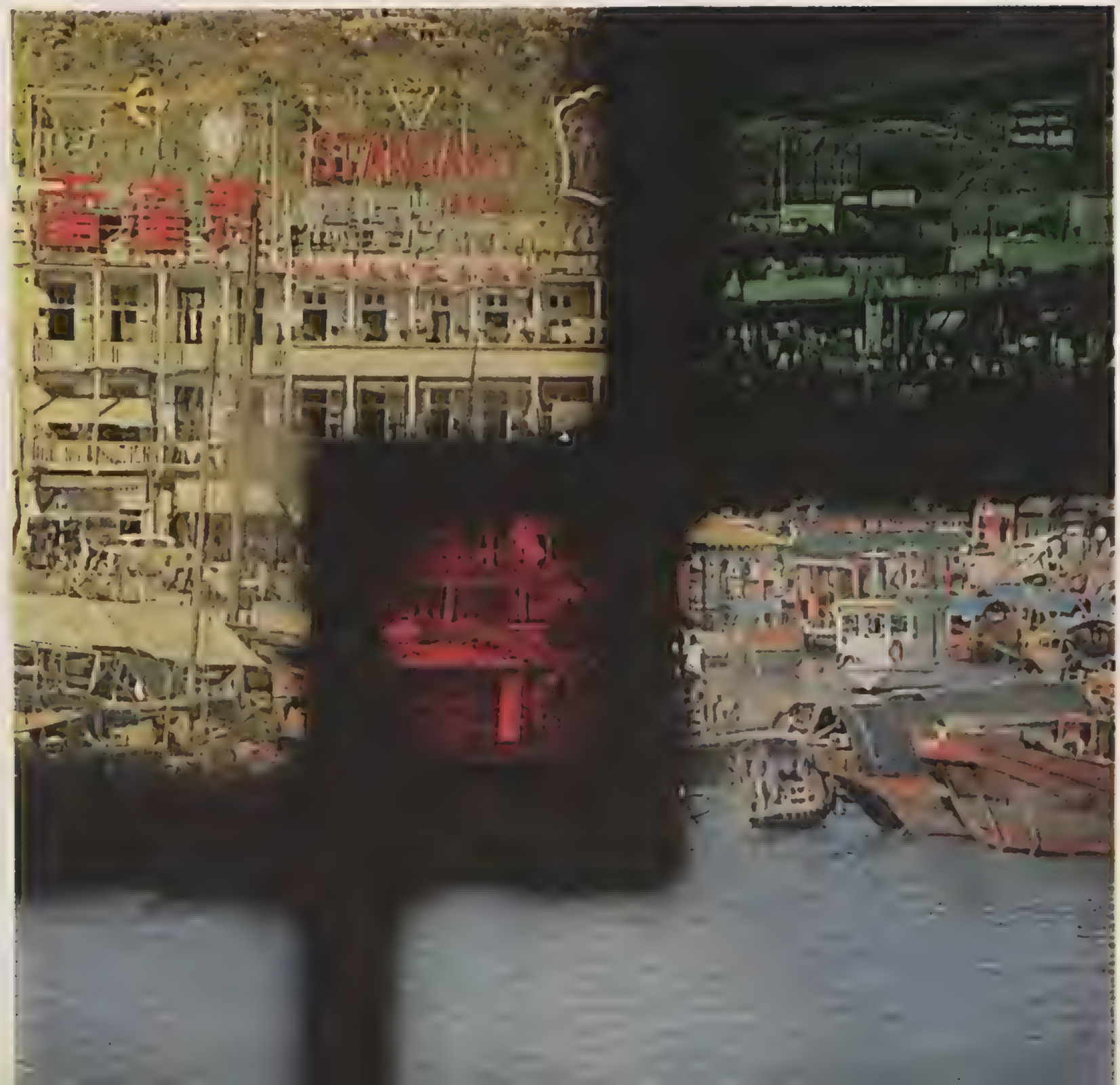




NEW ZEALAND *The Great Mountain Fjords*

BRIAN BRAKE

HONG KONG *Sampans at Aberdeen*



oil lights to attract the fish, keep a cord around each bird's throat to persuade it not to swallow the ayu but to spit it up into the boat instead. Perhaps it is better to eat ayu lightly grilled, with its tail curled up in the traditional way, sprinkled with ginger, before you learn how it is caught.

Angkor, that fabulous lost city that was once the capital of Cambodia and the centre of a vast empire, provides today the greatest, most complex and most beautiful ruins (in my opinion) anywhere in the world today. Flying in from Thailand, the simplest way of reaching Angkor, considering the disturbed conditions in the neighbouring states, is also the most dramatic.

Suddenly out of the plane window you see the soaring central pinnacles of Angkor Wat and a little way beyond, with a sense of shock, almost a gasp of guilt, you see the towers of Angkor Thom, each meticulously and with chilling power carved to make four Buddha faces, staring

HORST

north, south, east, and west, with a calmly knowing expression of human guilt, sorrow, and transient joy, accepting everything, forgiving everything, promising nothing.

Another genuine glory is Ajanta, the extraordinary, beautiful, and ancient caves near Aurangabad in India. More than 2,000 years ago this strange cliff, overlooking a deep ravine and studded with caves, was a path of pilgrimage for Buddhist devotees. On the inside walls of the caves are the paintings that they made—in passing, unrequested, just out of artistic exuberance—but such a visual document of history, so great (and anonymous) an offering to God.

Well, you can see that I could go on with the "A's" forever—fancy omitting the strange and fascinating aboriginal tribes of Asia, the Ainus of northern Japan, or ignoring such delights as the magnificent Fort of Amber in Jaipur to which one rides on elephant back up the vast causeway built for royal processions.

Not that Asia holds all the romantic pleasures of distant travel. I could mention Australia, particularly this vivid picture from Patrick White's *Voss:* "Over all this scene, which was more a shimmer than the architecture of landscape, palpitated extraordinary butterflies. Nothing had been seen yet to compare with their colours, opening and closing, opening and closing. Indeed, by the addition of this pair of hinges, the world of semblance communicated with the world of dream."

B quite properly stands for Beauty, Bliss, and also for my favourite place in Asia—Bali, perhaps one of the very few paradises left in the world.

When I was last there I asked an old friend of mine whether he ever thought of travel. Surely America and the Western world must have seemed interesting to him? With surprise he replied, "I have already travelled. I went to Java when I was young."

"But that is not very far," I insisted, "Java is your closest neighbour."

"It is far enough," he said with finality. "I could see from the faces of the Javanese that they had unhappy hearts. Their rice fields were not as beautiful

(Continued on next page)



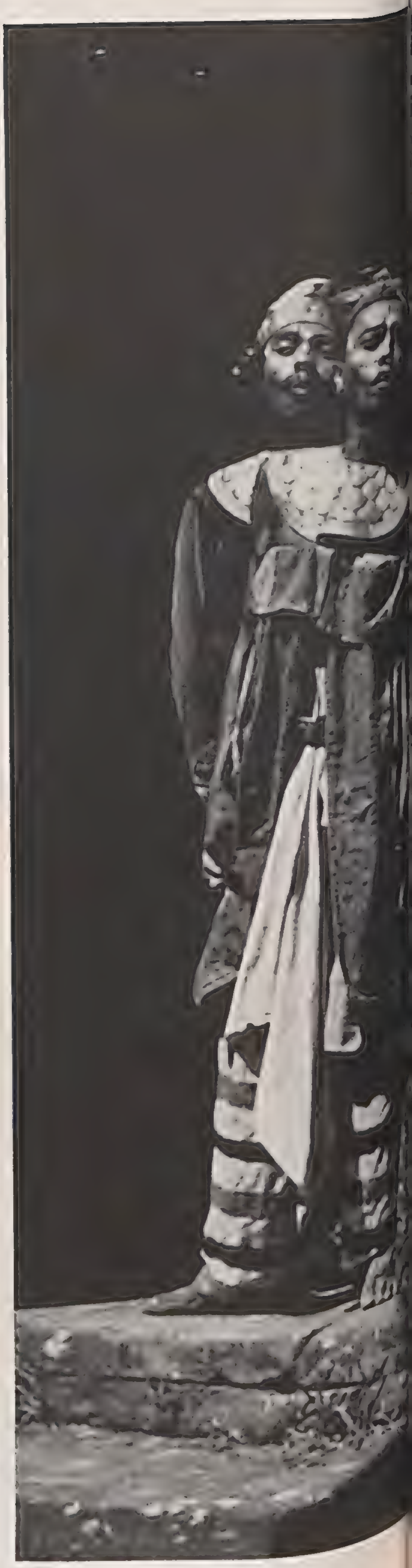
AUSTRALIA *The Colossal Red Hills of Mount Olga in The Alice Country*

HAWAII *Pineapple Plantation, Shaped Like an Aerial Boomerang.*





JAPAN *For her marriage, a young Japanese typist, who usually wears Western clothes, returns to a traditional wedding dress and headband. From "Japan" by Werner Bischof.*



BALI *Carved Temple*



ERNST HAAS

as ours and their dances did not belong to everybody. When I got home, I knew that Bali was the best place in the world."

I thought a long time about these remarks and decided in the end that I agreed with my Balinese friend. After much travelling my opinion hasn't changed. Besides the variety of scenery, one is surrounded by beautiful people, but also by an elegance and grace in living, by an artistic productivity that is probably unmatched in the rest of the world.

Once in Bali I asked a painter why it never occurred to him to sign his magnificent paintings that were eagerly bought by foreigners, that are hung in museums. He looked at me in surprise and said, "It is more difficult to write my name than to paint a picture."

I said, "But don't you want people to know your name?"

He replied, "If a man likes my pictures, I will know it. Why should he also like my name?"

My other favourite aspect of "B" is Bangkok, the capital of Thailand, a city of charm, sophistication, and fantasy. The Grand Palace, for instance, a miniature walled town within the metropolis, is a fabulous extravaganza of gleaming high-pitched roofs ending in slender golden snakes curving high into the sky from the eaves. See it from a boat on the river at sunset when the crenellated white walls turn ice-cream pink and the high glaze of the yellow tiles turns to gold, and you feel that you have somehow entered a book of the exotic.

Halfway around the world from Bangkok is the Big Island, the best known of the Hawaiian Islands, American by nationality, but far from American in character. Outside the well-travelled tourist spots, nature itself, rather than man-made pleasures, provides the exotic and beautiful. "The flight by Hawaiian Airlines to the Big Island," said H. Allen Smith in *Waikiki Beachnik*, "is a fine experience and the pilot doesn't try to hack chips off the mountains and the cliffs the way

(Continued on page 139)



More dash for leather

THIS YEAR'S SPECIAL LUXE

Leather is moving with all kinds of dash now. It's supple enough to be shirt-tailored, spanking enough to go anywhere. Two cases in point here: a put-over suit in taupe-splashed calfskin and a downy-surfaced coat-dress to step into and wear Wherever. In both cases: a special shirty luxe.

Suit de luxe, left, in taupe-and-white spotted calfskin—marvelous now for city or deep country. Shirt-collared over-head jacket, cuffed sleeves; eased A-shape skirt. By Fur & Sport, Inc., at Altman's. Knitted gloves of Creslan, by Hansen.

The coat you step into, right, of chamois-coloured leather—it acts like a wonderful shirt dress. Patch pockets, long shirt sleeves to turn back, a buttoned tab that reaches down to a hip-high horizontal seam. Inside: a sweater with an upcoming neck. Coatdress by Harold Goldstein, of Fleming-Joffe sueded calfskin; at Jax; Sakowitz; Frederick & Nelson. Boots on both pages, by Nina. The coiffures are by Guillaume of Elizabeth Arden. Capricorn hairpieces.

BERT STERN



More dash for leather





Dashing to make the new fashion scene, more leathers—brown suède filled with fur, pale suède filled with sporting possibilities, brown kidskin making a skirt and bindings on a furry fabric windbreak.

Suède with raccoon rapport, left, a coat that takes to field, stream, city—anywhere. Brown suède with a marvellous cut, a depth of raccoon lining, it hangs straight from raglan shoulders with precise slimness. By Style Trends; at Bonwit Teller, New York; Al Rosenthal; Makoff. Stockings by Hudson. American Astral gloves.

Pale suède, chopped 1/8, above, that travels beautifully, forms rewarding alliances with tweeds, turtlenecks. This coat, platinum-coloured with three flapped pockets, banded sleeves, shirt collar. By Harold Goldstein, of suèded calfskin. At Bonwit Teller. Stockings by Mary Grey.

Leather under wraps, right, the wrap being a jacket of brown fabric with a muff collar, kidskin bands that flank a zipped front. The skirt, brown kidskin, straight, sleek. Jacket by Loomtogs of Acrilan and Dynel (Glenoit fabric); about $35. Skirt by Highlander of Wood & Hyde kidskin; about $45. Both at Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz. Knitted gloves of Creslan, by Hansen. Meyrowitz sunglasses. White boots by Nina. Coiffure by Perrone of the Kenneth Salon.





More dash—a slick new way of coat life



A pair of black-and-white piebalds here, bred from a fashion idea as modern as it is dashing—they're both made of vinyl, a new coat-substance that's whizzing across town, across the country with the speed of a new formula for instant money.

In the vinyl analysis, left, a coat to wear days with white leather, nights over white wool. This, in black and white spots (half pony, half Paisley), with a wide notched collar that turns up high, a trench-belt tied at the front. By Modelia, of General Tire vinyl by Fleming-Joffe; about $55. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Harold's; Halle Bros. Pigskin gloves by Wear-Right.

Step into something spotted, right, with some of the greatest news a coat can carry now—black and white piebald vinyl, with black-leather-cuffed shirt sleeves. The neckline you step into, edged in black leather. By Samuel Robert, of General Tire vinyl by Fleming-Joffe; about $125. At Henri Bendel; Julius Garfinckel; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Pigskin gloves by Van Raalte. Helmets by Adolfo.

GERT STERN



Suits—with the dash of leather

On these four pages, some wonderful ways to look in the city, in the country or en route between the two. What they have: the dash of good country clothes, the snap of city chic, white leather accessories.

Bronzed-green wool suit, left, worn over a funnel-collared off-white knitted sweater. Longish jacket curved to a not-quite fit, stitched-in belt just below the waist. Sparked with soft brown knee-high leather boots. The hat is a white felt derby. Adding more white touches, a huge white pouch bag, white knitted gloves. Suit by Vera Maxwell of wool tweed; about $195 at Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Hat by Adolfo. Van S handbag. Hansen gloves. Coiffure by Ernst of Elizabeth Arden.

Travelling together or separately,...three pieces in contrasting colours, right. Grey wool flannel walking skirt, shaped to take big steps—onto or off a plane, for instance. Lumberjack-shirt in navy-blue wool flannel. The jacket in hand: cinnamon-coloured Harris wool tweed with a suède collar, elbow patches. It's all worn with spanking white thigh-high elkskin boots. All by John Weitz Boutique; at Henri Bendel; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. Chain and pendant by Van S. Sunglasses: Kobley & Stern. Boots by Nina. Coiffure by Guillaume of Elizabeth Arden, made with Capricorn hairpieces.

BERT STERN







Coat dash—white leather touches

Four coats, here, that do beautifully on the move; move anywhere. Most dashingly with white leather—high-rising boots soft as gloves, huge pouch bags to swing from a shoulder, visored kidskin helmets covering the neck.

Chopped coat in clay-coloured wool, right, over its own short, straight skirt, white turtle-neck sweater. It's double-breasted and collarless, has a low-slung belt and pockets. Suit by Junior Sophisticates; Warren of Stafford wool, loomed in America; about $135. Greta handbag. Hansen knitted gloves of Creslan. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume also at Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Kobley & Stern sunglasses. Nina boots of John Flymn elkskin. Coiffure by Ernst of Elizabeth Arden. Capricorn hairpiece.



Shaft of coat, far left, above, in camel-coloured wool Melton—standing collar, slanty pockets. By Klein & Klein of Forstmann wool, loomed in America; about $175. At Best & Co.; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Cashmere knitted gloves by Hansen. Mr. John hat.

Beige-and-white tweed, near left, above, with a swash-tied belt. By Mornessa of London, of English wool; about $90. At Mark Cross. Knitted gloves of Creslan by Hansen. Space-queen helmet by Adolfo.

Beige cotton storm coat, left, lined with a wealth of cocoa-coloured Mongolian lamb. Tweed walking skirt, white sweater. Coat by Modelia; about $225. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Adolfo.



BERT STERN



CROSS-COUNTRY BOUTIQUE





Here's how they run—this year's great new tweeds and leathers—straight across the country on fuel like this: Jewels encrusted with Byzantine opulence . . . Maltese crosses formed by clusters of mothball pearls . . . masses of glitter looking dashing, days, with lizard bracelets . . . pendants newly hung from jewelled chains, gilt chains. . . . Handbags newest when they're big, dead-white pouches to sling over your shoulder. . . . Boots—ankle to thigh-high. . . . Textured stockings—in lace-patterned nylon, thick knitted wool. . . . Gloves in matte white kidskin, in string, in jersey, and, suddenly, in fake lizard.

Opposite page, below: Two pins worn the way pins should be now—as high as they'll go on the shoulder. Different sizes; identical twists of textured gilt wound around big, bogus, baroque pearls. By Bergère; large size $8*; small, $5*. These, Bonwit Teller; Woolf Brothers. The black sheer wool dress by Herbert Sondheim, $70. At Best & Co.

Above: Maltese cross and chain, both a largesse of mothball pearls. Studding the cross—lots of glitter. With it a white double-knitted wool jersey dress and the surprise of a bright plum-coloured cobra waistcoat. Necklace by Laguna, $40*. Costume by Robert Sloan. Dress $50. Waistcoat $60. All, later: Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman.

Above, left: Wide white cobra bangle caught between fake jet and pavé rhinestones. Cobra bracelet, $10*, the others $15* each. All by K. J. L. At Bergdorf Goodman. Half-seen are black suède gloves with piqué-sewn fingers, by Wear-Right, $18. At Tailored Woman.

Above, right: Waist to ankle, a girdle to put under ski pants. Seamed to bend comfortably at the knee. By Venus, of nylon-and-Lycra power net; about $17. At Bonwit Teller.

Left: Black patent leather shoes spattered with white; the look, textured. Shoes, of Fleming-Joffe patent leather, about $28. At Andrew Geller; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Camel-coloured stretch nylon stockings by Christian Dior. These, at Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel.

Below: Rope of giant white beads (copied from Greek "conversation" beads) with a plump gilt tassel. Coral lamb's-wool sweater worn over a white lamb's-wool turtleneck. Necklace by Cadoro, about $17*. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne. The V-neck sweater about $15. Turtleneck sweater about $12. Both: James Kenrob by Dalton. At Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin.

HORST

*PLUS TAX

CROSS-COUNTRY BOUTIQUE



More of the fuel this year's clothes run on . . . in town, in the country, in-between. *Opposite page, top:* The traveller's bag—narrow and low enough to go under the seat of a plane, ample enough for a weekend. In black calfskin with double handles. The gloves, black and beige knitted cotton, like a French racer's. Bag at Saks Fifth Avenue, $70*. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb, $4 at Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop. *Centre:* Eight-button gloves in kidskin with less shine, more chalk to wear by day or evening. The earrings: gilt roses dusted with rhinestones. Gloves by Roger Faré, $17. Earrings by De Nicola, $10*. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Earrings, also at Hutzler's.

Left, below: Dead-white Wellington boots, over the knees. By Evins of Du Pont's new, water-repellent Corfam. About $150, to order at I. Miller, N. Y. Worn with black-and-white striped stretch tights by Beautiful Bryans. $5. At Bonwit Teller; Harzfeld's.

Near left, below: Stark-white shoulder bag, saddle-stitched in black. Of grained calfskin; white cord handle. Fake-lizard-backed black kidskin gloves. Handbag by Greta of Seton leather, $23*. At Altman's; Joseph Magnin. Gloves: Marcel Wagner, $20 at De Pinna.

This page, upper right: Gilt Maltese cross of fake rubies and rhinestones. The chain is more bogus rubies. Cross, $25*; chain, $5*. Both by Amourelle of Kramer, at Altman's; I. Magnin. More about the grey jersey dress here, on page 28.

Above, left: Brown-and-white wool tweed suit. Over the shoulder—a white mock crocodile pouch closed by a big gilt hook. Ascot-tied scarf at the neck. Suit by Lilli Ann, about $90 at Best & Co.; Joseph Magnin. Bag by Van S, $26* at Saks Fifth Avenue. Scarf by Glentex, $3 at Best & Co. Polava goatskin gloves, $19 at Bonwit Teller. Hat by Emme.

Lower left: Heathery beige sweater, suède skirt and (unseen) a cropped coat. Shown with a white turtleneck and long, heavy gilt chain. Costume by Bonnie Cashin. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Chain by Monet, $10*. At Bonwit Teller; Hudson's. Mocha suède gloves by Etienne Aigner, about $17 at Lord & Taylor. White porkpie: Adolfo.

Lower right: Tan-and-brown air-weight bag to whisk onto a plane. Trimmed in cowhide and brass. Eight-button gloves in brownish green jersey of Orlon and wool. Vuitton bag, $175*. At Saks Fifth Avenue. Gloves by Hansen, about $4. At Arnold Constable.

HORST

*PLUS TAX



BEAUTY BULLETIN

Vogue's October 15 issue of news on the beauty plane

WHY HAIR THINS AND WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT . . . PLUS SOME MAKE-UP, SKIN, BATH NEWS

Even though the number of women with hair going thin at the scalp is actually rather tiny, it's a vocal minority to hear them tell it. And at the numerous salons in the world where scalp treatments are given for going-baldness, it's right now—the end of summer, the days on into October—when telephones and doorbells at those salons ring nonstop.

Of all the times of year when a natural or supernatural moulting goes on, nothing compares with autumn. And while much of the moulting may in fact be cured by the passage of enough time, treatment of the right sort can speed up the regrowing process and at the same time catch many of the cases in which thinning hair marks a head headed for trouble. The latter drama—and it is just that—type-casts roughly as follows:

Hair that thins by the handful. Examine the hair that's weeded in the course of combing, brushing, washing. If none of the hair shows a root (either a miniature knob or scallion-like bulb), the trouble is not at the scalp, but in breakage somewhere along the line. If you're certain it's breakage you're dealing with, take your troubles to your hairdresser. He may advise conditioning treatments; may conclude you need milder processing solutions in colouring and permanent waves; may say that your hair has reached the end of its rope in terms of teasing and now needs a haircut that works without the backward rake of a comb.

Hair that thins from the scalp itself can be quite another story. If, on examining the fallout, you find that any of the captive audience has a bulbous-shaped root, you are losing hair that counts: hair in the growing phase. This problem goes to your doctor. Among the causes he'll review are these: the question of glandular upset—thyroid off in some way, or insufficient estrogen being produced (in pregnancy or menopause there's a shortage). It may be that a drug he's prescribed doesn't sit well with your system, in which case an alternate choice can be sought. (Continued next page)



Thick hair cut thickly into points.

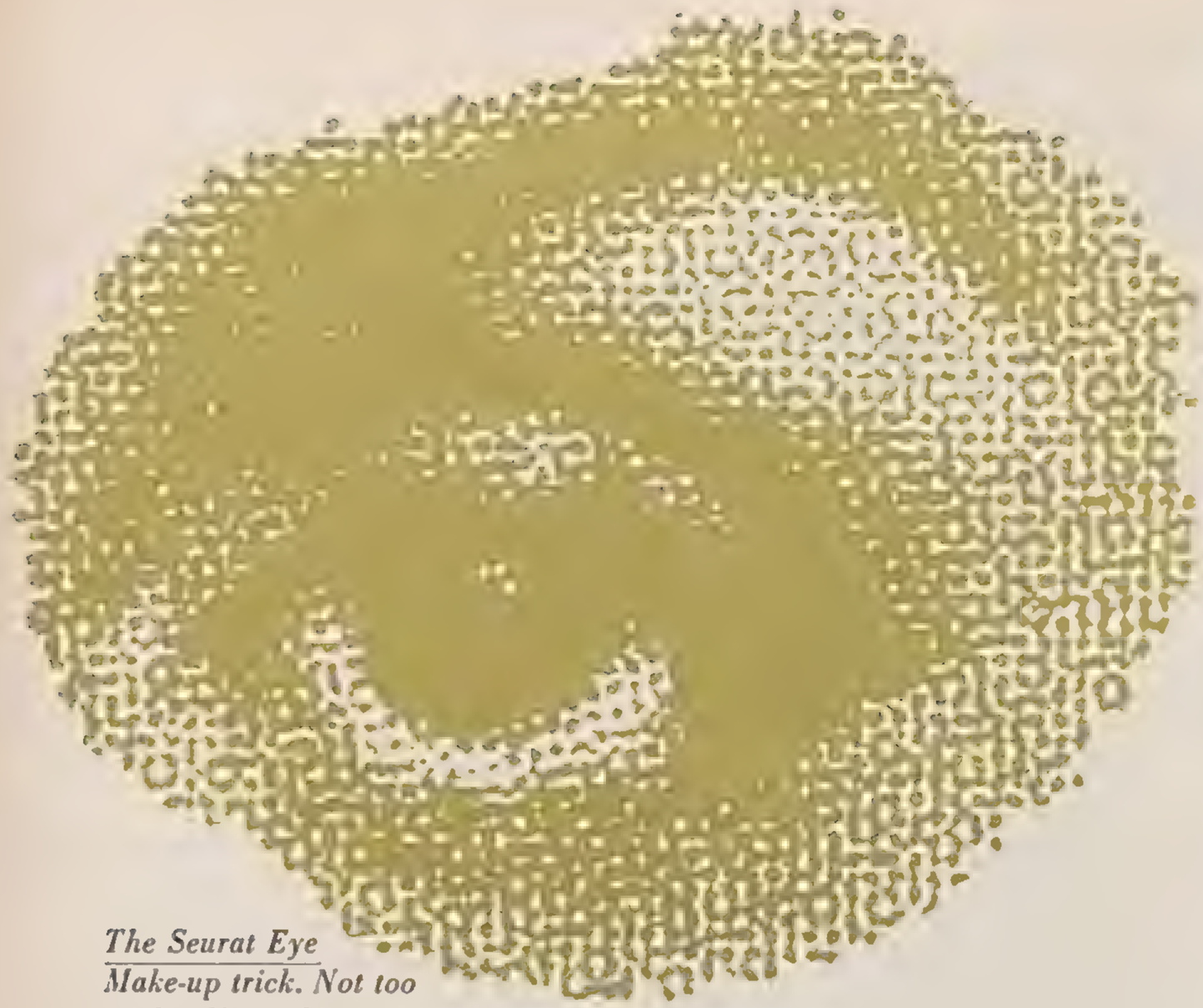
We love the cut Nancy Kwan's just been given (see left) by Vidal Sassoon of London. One of the masters of the new school of hair-thought ("hair should comb, should move"), this brilliant young hairdresser has a system—and he'll tell anyone who asks. For a cut like this—a teardrop, its sides tapered down into liquid V's—he uses barber shears, not a razor; tweaks a few hairs at a clip; sets the crown on high, foam-rubber-wrapped curlers, the sides with slashes of Scotch Tape. Since gloss means everything to hair like this, Vidal has a trick for producing same: a squirt of hair spray halfway through drying time glazes things up nicely.

TERENCE DONOVAN

More brews, treatments, and contraptions have been contrived against baldness than there are heads to go around, we sometimes think. George Jean Nathan once swore that something called tincture of mullein had made hair grow on his head, and the run his statement



started on that herbal enthusiasm twenty years ago has only just begun to subside. Pharmacies are bank vaults loaded with proof of the richness of human imagination in hot pursuit of the ultimate cure for baldness. Some pharmacies—the respected Caswell-Massey for one—have in their files any number of "private formulae" belonging to customers with concoction theories of their treasured own. Baldness isn't curable, as far as we're able to discover, but in the case of thinning hair in women, there's a happy prognosis. (See the article at left.)



The Seurat Eye
Make-up trick. Not too tricky. Nice addition to an evening make-up repertoire. Put eyeliner on as usual. Dot it with little pointillisms of gold, carrying the dots up the lid for at least a quarter of an inch. More dots can be worked into the eyebrow if you like. Dot with a brush or straight out of an eye-shadow tube. (In a tube: Estée Lauder's excellent Golden Eye Shadow.)

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from preceding page) If these fail to turn up the cause, another likely jungle he'll explore is your genetic pattern (if your mother's hair thinned at the temples or had a tendency to tonsure, genetics might be at fault—in which case we'd urge you to fight the pattern in hand-to-hand combat consisting of salon-supervised scalp-massage). If everything's negative so far, your body's circulation may be investigated next. Curiously enough, not every extremity need reflect poor scalp circulation—it's quite possible that even though your entire system races satisfactorily with messages and your fingertips are warm as toast, your scalp could be classified as stiff, calcified, bereft of circulation. In some quarters, it's believed that a super-intellectual cranium, or one in which expansion takes place later than is usual, will result in scalp calcification which in turn will choke hair growth. Scalp massage ought to be tried in this case—as it also should be if you've stiffened your scalp by an overly consistent coiffure tension (a decade of ponytail or headband or tight-drawn chignon). Finally on the list will be the question of scalp infection of a kind recognizable only by people attuned to microscopes. In the case of infection, treatments vary—the most successful ones seem to combine scalp medication and massage of some sort; we'll go into one of these at the end of this article. Meanwhile, next type:

Hair that thins in patches either overnight or gradually is a disease with a name: alopecia areata. Identified first by a nineteenth-century physician whose name—Dr. George Thin—we can't resist throwing in, this kind of patchy baldness is accountable to infection or nerves, both of which are medical matters. One scalp expert to whom some respected dermatologists of our acquaintance frequently send their patients (with generally satisfactory results, by the way) tells us that in alopecia areata he invariably finds an elevated temperature at the site of the bald spot—sometimes five to ten degrees higher than the rest of the scalp. This, he believes, confirms the suspicion that beneath the disease lies a concentration of highly inflamed little nerves. Behind these there may be an emo- (Continued on page 145)



The Snow Bath. After a steam bath, the Russians "rolled themselves at once in the snow." A cold-water chamber called the frigidarium was a feature of the very best Roman baths. In Finnish saunas, icy showers alternate with dry heat, and at beauty spas everywhere Scotch hoses run hot *and* cold. Over the ages, the rôle of cold water in therapeutic bathing has always been: to lower an abnormally-raised body temperature. But since the body generally feels better, performs better, and (as any athlete will tell you) "thinks" better when its temperature is slightly raised rather than depressed, we ourselves prefer for daily bathing the tepid to warm bath. As for our snow baths, we'll take them in the form of aerosol talcum powder, with its lovely brief little chill of Freon. (Germaine Monteil, Tuvaché, and Millot all have this.) Emancipated bather at right wears a snow bath of "Jasmine," Emba natural white mink by Chombert.

DAVID BAILEY

Skin, Simplicity, and Cynicism What does skin really need in the way of care to keep it fresh, slightly transparent, delicately rosy, fine-pored? It needs this trio, over and over and over again: cleansing . . . toning . . . nourishing. And it needs it faithfully, daily, year in, year out. For the cynic who thinks otherwise, all we can say is, we're sorry—because the trio system works with a logic that's obvious. If you use a creamy lotion or cream to cleanse the skin, a toner is needed to cleanse that away. If you use a toner, a nourishing supplement is needed to replace the oils you've removed. And—to get back to the original wheel within this wheel—make-up removes best when the search warrant you use is an oil or cream or lotion. Soap's place is after cleanser, before toner; or first thing in the morning before a light meal of moisturizer.







The fashion instinct for red

It's special . . . it's a matter of temperament or looks, or both . . . sweeping-the-country is not its style . . . neither is chic-on-a-shoestring . . . but the woman who has a sure fashion instinct for red wears it with all the engaging dazzle of a handful of lucky stars. Two guileful brands of alchemy apply here: Wear red as a Chinese banker might—magnificently ignoring the fact that it's a colour at all; wear it—if it suits you—the way another woman might wear black, knowing that there will never be a happy pill to dull the appetite for red. Or: wear it as it's shown here, in a melting blaze of colour—shades of mauve, claret, flame, and geranium, patterns of fern. Déshabillé of printed velvet, with a haremesque skirt slashed to show a slender stretch of leg; a tunic curved in just above the knee. By Sarmi of cotton velvet by Roberto Fabbriziani. This (to order) and the Richelieu jewellery of massed ruby and jet crystal beads at Henri Bendel. Déshabillé at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Red silk evening slippers designed by Herbert Levine for Sarmi.

Lipstick with some red to its name

In the growing taste for lipsticks with more punch, more power, the news at left is beamy. What it is is frankly red lipstick, but red without a harsh word; red with a romantic bent. Called Once Upon A Red by its makers, Max Factor, it's meant to play to the dashing hilt a fresh rôle with the colours in clothes at this moment. While that's all that's asked of it, or claimed for it, our own findings show that it practises a little sneaky beauty magic on the side. Because of the strength of this lipstick colour—ripe rather than pallid—it performs a make-up trick for mouths over twenty-one: it helps to make surrounding mouth lines do a fade-out. The red, incidentally, keeps its colour without darkening in the course of a day or evening. Lipstick ready now at Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Horne; D. H. Holmes.



THE MORE RUGS THE BETTER:

More to look at

The one-rug-is-not-enough idea: Time was, most decorators thought that The Good Life was based upon one of two foundations: the polished wood floor or the wall-to-wall carpet. In the new view, both those foundations take the same fresh veer, namely: a proliferation of the kind of rugs called "area," the more patterns the better. They've always gone on bare floors; the new idea there is to give them more dash, more importance. They *haven't* always gone on carpeting, and the idea there is simply to treat carpeting as if it were bare floor, then snap it up with smaller rugs in different textures, shapes, colours. (The Albert Hadley room on page 56 makes the point.)

The look of fur with plaid: A rug idea that works on either carpeting or wood. One possibility: a furry (but not fur) white woollen rug named "Flokati," imported this year from Greece by Stark—played against a thick white Moroccan rug plaided in pale blue. . . . Plaids on plain, another possibility: Cabin Crafts makes a bright plaid rug called "MacDuff," a non-clan affair involving red, green, and Prussian blue, which, overlaid on Prussian blue wall-to-wall carpeting (the Cabin Crafts version of this is nylon, and called "Earl's Court"), could give a room a crisp, rather Edwardian bite.

The stripped Orientals: One way to strengthen the character of less-than-precious Oriental rugs is to bleach them down to faded, paled, surprising colours, then put three or four of them together in a room. These softened Orientals can be bought; Kent-Costikyan has stripped some Oushak rugs. For those who undertake a stripping job more or less on their own, these warnings: be certain that the rug has not only enough fibres but strong enough fibres to survive the bleaching. (Turkish rugs are usually fairly safe.) Although reds and greens bleach nicely, blues are apt not to. Never, in any case, tamper with rugs of collector quality—stripping can be both risky and relatively expensive.

The new border switches: Michael Taylor, the San Francisco interior designer, has been playing around quite successfully with rug borders: he sometimes cuts the border from a flowery rug to simplify the pattern, other times adds a border to a plain rug. Note: Stark Carpets has needlepoint and other patterned borders, to add as wanted.

More rugging: Albert Hadley likes the look of *jute or hemp spread wall to wall,* then livened up with small Oriental, fur, or needlework rugs. . . . It's possible to consider even *a patterned carpet as bare floor;* the point is simply a difference in colour, in texture, in the scale of the pattern. N.B.: The under-everything carpeting works better if it's flat rather than shaggy. A case in point might be *velvety black carpeting* as a foil for either *needlework or Oriental rugs.* . . . One marvellous needlepoint rug, imported by Stark Carpets: French linen, flat as tapestry, in the seventeenth-century flame stitch called "Point d'Hongre," all reds, oranges, golds, and blues on an off-white field. Underneath: a carpet the colour of sauterne.

A parquet foundation of great elegance could be based upon dark Portuguese cork tiles or squares of cordovan leather —both of which burnish up beautifully. On top: rugs, rugs, more rugs—but used with a diplomat's discretion. . . . *On a bleached white floor,* what might compel most (and most inexpensively) are Mexican rugs in brilliantly hot colours—one magenta, one persimmon, one clear red. . . . From William Baldwin, this idea: *Oriental on Oriental,* an effect vaguely suggestive of an elaborate *caravanserai.* . . . Another solidly Baldwin look: old-fashioned flat straw matting, bound into squares with black tape for wall-to-wall parquet. What goes on this: small fur rugs—in front of a fireplace, say, or beside a bed.

One smashing room, left, *might spring from these rugs, these fabrics, these colours. Walls: sharp yellow. On a natural sisal parquet carpet by Patterson, Flynn & Johnson, two smaller rugs—one seven shades of blue, one six shades of green, both designed by Dorothy Liebes—who has done more than almost anyone to change what goes on the floor—and hand-woven to order by Bigelow in Du Pont continuous-filament nylon with a newly flat, seed-pearl texture. The fabrics: velvet, moire, silk, fake fur, fake suède—all from Brunschwig & Fils. From Frederick P. Victoria, the square blaze of French rock crystal.*



NON-TILE TILING: The look-likes

The nothing-ventured-nothing-gained blue-and-white dash of this room—lined with the illusion of tile—is pretty much the point in the New York apartment of Baron Nicolas de Gunzburg, a man with a kind of perfect pitch for the simultaneously surprising and beautiful. Long before the new look of tile took shape as a trend (which it decisively has), Baron de Gunzburg so liked the freshness of the Delft tile walls in certain German castles (for one, Falkenlust, the falconry lodge near Brühl) that he asked the artist Paul Sherman to design a wallpaper with exactly that blue-and-whiteness, precisely that delicate verve. Made to his special order by Woodson Wallpapers, the paper, almost imperceptibly glazed, plays, in this high-ceilinged room, against an assembly of blacks and golds, distinctly dark things collected and used wherever the Baron lives: a darkened bronze chandelier, a silvery fall of silk curtains, a collection of paintings and mirrors deliberately hung almost too high, to help deepen the high room still more. The result is an immensely light, manageable kind of grand baroque, in an apartment just off Fifth Avenue. *More tiling—on the next two pages.*

Above: *The non-tile tiling in close-up—with an eighteenth-century Chinese rock crystal duck.* Right: *Between dado and deeply-carved moulding, the surprise of non-tile Delft—perfectly centred, perfectly scaled for this overscaled room.* Below: *Delft on Delft—three modern Delft jars, on a tall Boulle cabinet from the Louis XIV period, against the beautiful fakery of the walls.*

HORST



FAKE TILING, FAKE CANING: The fakery looks

Hang folds of tile at a window? Walk on a caned floor? Could do. Once you couldn't—but both tile and cane patterns turn up, this year, in just such nicely high-handed ways. In fabrics, in wallpapers. In screens, in doors. In trompe l'oeil. The ideas come from all over—from Portugal, France, Spain, Italy, Japan—in designs with splendid memories: someone is remembering the cane-bodied Rolls-Royce, the great tiled kitchen at the Amalienburg.

Tiling in a kitchen—a mix of real and fake: A more or less Spanish idea which might involve, on counter tops, an almost patchwork collection of real blue-and-white tiles; on cabinets, a tile-patterned Formica; on walls, one of the flagrantly fake tiled wallpapers. (For tremendous dash, the walls might simply be painted to look like tile. Charles Heilemann has done, in a number of kitchens, murals which pretend to be tiles which pretend, in turn, to be pots and pans, strings of sausage, herbs.)

Tiling in a dining room—painted on: A distinctly pretty look which could begin and end with stencils—blue-and-white chinoiserie on dado and cornice; glorious urns of blue, red, yellow, and white flowers on the doors; more flowers on wall panels of white vinyl moire; narrow bands of leaves edging doors and wall panels. (Bishop and Lord does this kind of stencil-painting, to order.)...

Tiling in a bathroom—above what's expected: From Denning and Fourcade, decorators in New York, this plan for a bathroom with blue suède-cloth curtains and a bathtub spattered in blue, like old-fashioned graniteware: walls papered with glazed baroque tiles, spurious as could be.

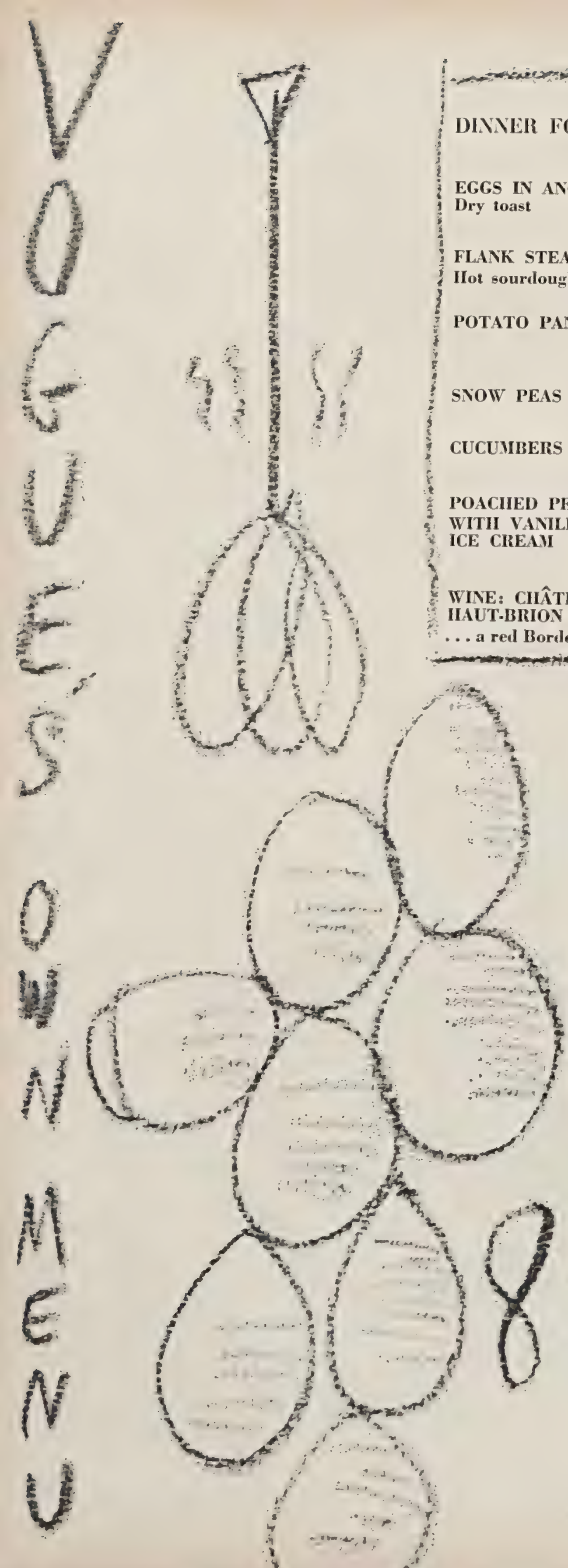
Caning in a sitting room—a contrast to cane fakes: For a country or penthouse room, this William Baldwin plan—a parquet floor of widely-caned white blocks, overlaid with clear vinyl; a panelled white screen caned in a smaller pattern; woven cane armchairs, with white leather seats, from Bielecky. With all this canery, white sofas, brilliant cushions, masses of flowering plants.

Caning in an entrance hall—on mirrors: An idea that involves paper caning—floor to ceiling. On the doors, natural caning laminated to mirrors, framed with lacquered bamboo. *More tiling, more caning—on page 56.*

The promise of the fraudulent tiles left, *faked on chintz and wallpaper and plastic: all the joys of pottery tiles—the blue-and-white freshness, the baroque flavour—with neither the expense nor the rigidity of the real thing. To get the tiling here, see page 58.*

The promise of the caning right: *Immediate Architecture. To give dimension to an undashing room—a bamboo trellis; fake caning on curtains, wallpaper; real cane in vinyl to make a screen, a table, a floor. To get the false or real caning here, see page 58.*

HORST



DINNER FOR FOUR

EGGS IN ANCHOVY CREAM*
Dry toast

FLANK STEAK*
Hot sourdough bread

POTATO PANCAKES

SNOW PEAS

CUCUMBERS IN ASPIC

POACHED PEARS WITH VANILLA ICE CREAM

WINE: CHÂTEAU HAUT-BRION
. . . a red Bordeaux

Something must be done about the naming of food. It has got so you can eat a perfectly plain American meal without having comprehended one dish set out on the menu. A terminal point may have been reached. There is, in Hollywood, California, a restaurant in the old part of town—near the Paramount Studios—not a smart restaurant, or well known, it is just a place to eat. But it has a menu. . . . It is a permanent menu—dog-eared, fly-specked, tired. And it lists, under desserts, one choice: Jello du jour. Jello du jour: this *must* be the turning place. Retreat is no longer possible. A potato from now on *must* be called a potato. . . . In the following menu you are left in no doubt about what you are eating. You don't have to remember that Du Barry means not a pretty girl, but a cauliflower. . . . Well, it's a start. You take it from there.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

EGGS IN ANCHOVY CREAM

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

8 eggs

½ pint heavy cream

2 teaspoons anchovy paste

Hard boil 8 eggs, plunge them in cold water, peel, cut in half, and remove the yolks. Put the yolks, the half pint of cream, and the anchovy paste into a bowl and beat with a wire whisk until all is smooth. Or use a blender, if you have one.

Arrange the egg whites, cut side up, in an oven proof dish which you can bring to the table. Spoon the cream mixture over them, and place them in a 350° oven until they are hot. Serve with dry toast.

THE SNAPPER: The anchovy cream.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

FLANK STEAK

FOR FOUR PEOPLE

2 pounds flank steak

1 cut clove of garlic

2 tablespoons soy sauce

1 tablespoon sherry

1 teaspoon honey

Be sure the butcher cuts off all the fat from the steak. Lay the steak on a large platter, rub it on each side with the garlic, then smear it on each side with a mixture of the soy sauce, sherry, and honey. Marinate for a couple of hours. Line a large cookie sheet with aluminum foil, place the steak on this, and shove under a preheated broiler. Cook about 6 minutes on each side.

The slicing of a flank steak is the only difficult part. Place it on a flat surface—a butcher's block is perfect—and then with your sharpest knife, cut it almost horizontally across the grain in very thin slices. Place each slice on a hot platter. Be sure the steak remains hot. If you have taken a long time in the slicing, better put the platter in the oven for a moment or two.

THE SNAPPER: The soy-honey-sherry marinade.

(Continued from page 111)

the pilot did in that Cinerama film about Hawaii. I thought the ocean looked uncomfortably big from the plane and I reflected on the fact that it was the same ocean that serves as a soft highway to Palmyra and Tahiti and Pago Pago. So I concentrated my attention on the islands we passed over and from the plane it is easy to understand that they are merely the tops of mountains sticking out of the sea, and if the bed of the ocean be considered their base, then they are the highest mountains in the world."

C would take you to Chiang Mai, the elegant, rose-bedecked, ancient capital of northern Thailand, or lead you to the bustle of Calcutta where the mess and poverty on the streets is compensated for by the humane and brilliant intellects of Bengal's thinkers and writers.

D, for me, is first for dancing. When I was travelling through Asia with my husband, who writes books about music, dance, and theatre all over the world, I found that it took an American to introduce me to one of the most thrilling aspects of the Orient.

Always before (coming from a diplomatic corps family) I had asked what my husband calls, "Oh-Heavens-Serious-Questions" (meaning politics and economics) of people that I met in foreign countries. With him I found the rewards of asking about the entertainments instead. The marvellous shadow plays of Indonesia (*wayang kulit*) start at dark and last all night, peopling your dreams with gods and demons and great mythological battles.

The strictly classical dances of South India are a strong contrast to the soft, voluptuous dancing and singing of the North. The startlingly athletic techniques of the Japanese Kabuki dancers are opposed to the intensely interior, quiet, suggestive performances of the expert geishas. The Javanese *gamelans*, the most admired musical instruments in Indonesia, accompanied on occasion by the extremely rarefied forms of the Jogjakarta royal dancers, are a link with history dating from the fourteenth century. All are enthralling because they offer not only great art, but also a genuine, unintentioned glimpse into the mythology, the standards, the traditions on which Asian life is based. Since almost all Asian art is also very clearly based on religious or philosophic principles, they provide an extra dimension.

By now I'm sure you see the sort of trouble I'm in. Here is this enormous continent of Asia, so filled with things to see, do, buy, learn, appreciate, that really to write what I think of as "my travel enjoyment and education" would require not only a full book but a serious assessment of myself and my life. Asia is likely to do this to you—to any visitor—and perhaps it is the most constructive and most disturbing quality of this continent. Suddenly you see yourself in relation (without the protective cover that Western society can offer) to humanity, and in a totally basic way, in a way that says to you, "Not just Scarsdale; the World is where you live," to feel compelled to define or redefine your values of life.

For instance, under "D," how to speak of Delhi, India's capital? To me, as a familiar of this kind of life, Old Delhi is far the more interesting of the two. There one's compensations are in the splendour of the great red fort with its Pearl Mosque, its Peacock Throne, with the famous slogan written over the gateway, "If there is any place of beauty and peace, it is here, it is here, it is here."

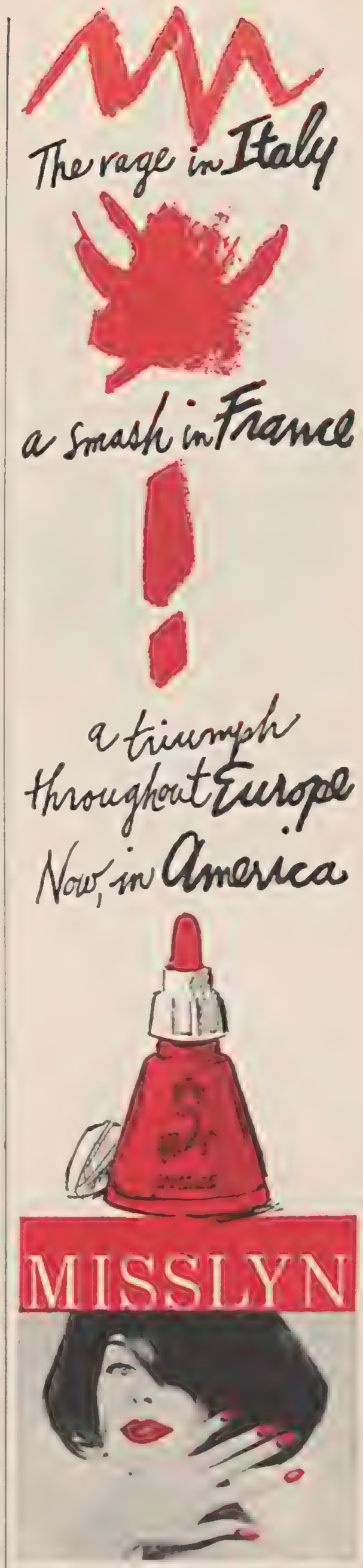
E must, of course, be for that first wonderful, early-morning glimpse of Everest, the pink cone rising above its shifting clouds, frightening and beautiful and worth the trip to Darjeeling.

F, to me, in Asia means Food because apart from the great French cuisine only two other major and different cuisines exist in the world. One is the Chinese and one is the Indian. People are apt to feel that all Indian food can be lumped under the general heading of curry, a sort of spicy sauce poured over anything. To Indians this is horrifying because the subtlety of their food ranges from the elegant trout of Kashmir, to be cooked most delicately; to the marvellous mutton dishes of Punjab where a cook's pride is to say that he can find a new way of cooking meat for every single day of the year; down to the vegetarian south where the imagination of cooks, who may use no meat and no eggs and no poultry, has produced a totally different sort of cooking, and a brilliantly original one.

G is for Garden, the many different kinds scattered all over the Pacific countries. The most rarefied are in Kyoto in Japan, where the famous Ryoanji is composed of nothing but gravel, rocks, and a little moss, and yet, either as an abstract design or as a place for contemplation (it is part of a temple courtyard), is one of the most beautiful gardens I have ever seen. Someone once asked the priest in the temple how one could call Ryoanji a garden when virtually nothing grew there, and he, perhaps mistaking her intention, answered, "It is very difficult, of course, to have something grow here until you have sat in silence long enough so that the wind in the trees becomes the sound of the sea and these rocks become islands." Perhaps no continent in the world besides Asia offers as relevant evidence of its arts the garden.

In Ceylon "G" is for the charming walled town of Galle on the south coast. Left almost intact from the time when the adventurous Portuguese sailors came in search of spices, "ivory, apes, and peacocks," Galle has lanes and cul-de-sacs you can wander down. You can stroll down to the white sands of the beach where the market sells what a friend of mine described, in a tone of wonder, as "fish the

(Continued on page 140)



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(Continued from page 139)

colour of rubies and cinnamon stick by the yard."

H naturally has to be Hong Kong, crowded and filled with refugees, but, if you like shopping and if you like fast tailoring for your clothes, it is good. It also offers the Chinese opera, admittedly a debased form, but still just about the only version one has access to at the moment.

In her book, *A Many-Splendored Thing*, Han Suyin wrote this about Hong Kong: "We reached Aberdeen. . . . Across the polished ebony water shone the gaudy neon signs of the restaurant boats—Chinese characters a foot long and wide, in red, blue, and green. . . . Round baskets, dipping in the sea, hung from the platform. They contained shrimps, crabs, lobsters, and squids. A giant like a fat sea god, bronze of skin in the brazier glow, rode the water on a little shell boat, hovering with a short net over the fish tanks. He snared the ones we selected—pert red spotted garoupas, iridescent blue-banded lentjans, two silvery pomfrets, and a grass-green wrasse—and tossed them one by one towards the platform, where a little boy . . . flung them in turn to the first in the line of cooks. . . . And so our fish went on, down the belt of cooks, whence it would emerge on a flowered porcelain dish, with ginger and spice and sauce—delectable, delicious, and still equipped with that wide round-eyed look of passionate, speechless surprise, which a fish carries to its final destination on the Chinese dinner table."

I is certainly the Izu Peninsula of Japan, perhaps the most flawless arrangement of trees, rocks, sand, and water that make up the famous stretch of coast.

J, of the many in Asia—the Japanese Alps for skiing, are examples—my choice would be Jogjakarta, the former capital of Indonesia, from where you can see the marvellous ruined temples of Prambanan and Borobudur, where the most expert Indonesian orchestras play as they did for the powerful rajahs of old.

K is just as difficult to decide about. Perhaps the most original "K's" for the foreign traveller are Konarak and Khajuraho, the two great temples of India devoted to erotic sculpture. The workmanship and design are extraordinary and peculiarly Hindu in concept even if such traditional sculpture may shock, embarrass, or impress the unprepared visitor.

L is for Luangprabang. It is the royal headquarters of the Laotian Kings, a light, fairytale town, with tiny painted and jewelled pavilions. But, alas, Laos is out-of-bounds because of its improbable muddle of a war.

M is almost too prolific. There is all of Manila City set around its lovely curve of bay, with the slender island of Corregidor (so pretty and haunted by such tragic memories of World War II) lying out to sea. The bomb-shattered buildings of Intramuros still hold some of the magic of that old Spanish town in the façades and plazas that remain.

Mandalay in Burma—a delight to an arriving visitor, if for no other reason, for the earnest Buddhist signs that ask you "to be kind to animals by not eating them." Students of Kipling will be disappointed that on the road to Mandalay no flying fishes play (too far from the river to see them anyway) and the dawn comes up quite prosaically from a rather dusty plain. However, Mandalay's sacred hill is a joy, if you have the breath to climb it.

How often in one's travels children provide the touching, the funny, the revealing or saddening moment. Whether it is the doll-pretty *maiko* of Japan, the young apprentice geishas, learning with childish grace the rules of their sophisticated profession, or whether it is Maori school children described in that extraordinary New Zealand novel, *Spinster*, by Miss Sylvia Ashton-Warner. In her description of a fascinating Maori school this dialogue took place:

"'Miss Vontofoff,' claims Waiwini, six and brown and girl, 'I'm going to write a letter to Mr. Reardon when I go to Health Camp.'

I kneel to her level; it's the least of the courtesies. 'I thought you would write to me, Waiwini.'

'Your name's too long.'

'Miss Voffa,' inquires Twinnie, 'how do you spell "boko?" '

'What are you writing?'

' "My twin she dong me on the boko." ' "

N is for Nara, Japan's sacred centre—a town of temples and monuments and the home of the famous spotted Japanese deer who own their own special park there. And very close by, the busy industrial town of Osaka. Prosperous, yes, in industry, but best known for the most beautifully constructed puppets in the world for whom plays were written, theatres built, generations of experts trained.

But "N" for nature, too, tamed or wild, for the fantastic mountains of New Zealand, contrasting with its docile countryside, seamed with rivers, varying every few miles. At times, it looks like the Spanish Basque country, but outside the city of Auckland it resembles a well-kept golf course. There, cattle graze along the roadside. Sprinkled on green fields hedged with white hawthorn, lambs look like white confetti. There are no barns except occasionally a low farmer's bungalow.

One of the great bonuses of travel is the discovery of curious back waters, the islands of civilization left behind in time, working by their own pace of progress and maintaining their own character and atmosphere unadulterated by foreign standards.

"The most admirable of all the Hawaiian Islands is the one called Niihau," wrote H. Allen Smith in *Waikiki Beachnik*. "It is the westernmost of the inhabited islands, is seventy-two square miles in area, and has a population of less than three hundred.

"Those people who are forever saying that 'the real Hawaii' is to be found only on the Big Island, or on Maui or Kauai, never say anything about Niihau because strangers are not allowed to set foot on the Robinson island. Yet if there is a real Hawaii anywhere, it is on Niihau. The very fact that the visitor and the reporter and the tree-describing travel writer have been forbidden entry to Niihau makes it a primitive sort of place, inhabited by purebred Hawaiians who have the golden bronze skin of their ancestors."

O is for oyster, of course—the delicious rock oysters found in Sydney, Australia. They are remarkably velvety, have a greenish-grey colour, and their dark shells are deep like the keel of a boat.

"O" is also for the thousands of varieties of orchids growing wild or in botanical gardens all through Java and through the Philippines—orchids wild, amateur, professional.

P, sadly, should be for Peking and the glories of the Forbidden City, but now that it is forbidden in another sense, one can still enjoy some other "P's." The best of those in any Pacific country is the People. People you meet in passing, those that become friends, those that entertain you, bore you, cheat you, help you.

Under "P," especially for those who have recently been worrying themselves into ulcers about the Problem of Leisure, and how to occupy the increasing amount of free time satisfactorily, one must quote H. Allen Smith in *Waikiki Beachnik*. "Polynesian Paralysis," the chief symptom of which is "a screaming desire not to work, not to do anything that requires any substantial effort either physical or mental. Sooner or later almost everybody gets it. There is no stigma attached to it. In fact it is the most pleasant of all diseases that Pandora kept in her box."

Q and R go together, because I always hope that any visitor to the Pacific comes with Questions

rather than preconceived theories or prejudices.

"R" should be the Replies that they gain which form the beginning of understanding.

S is for Singapore, more for its history than its looks. There, Raffles Hotel embodies in its name the dramatic life of a strange, unlucky, gallant Empire-builder. Yet, simultaneously one remembers how in this very hotel and in the English clubs the confident Britishers sat of an evening, drinking their whisky and sodas, confident of the impregnability of the "Gibraltar of the East," while the Japanese army took over their stronghold from the rear.

T—I suppose if I had to name my favourite city in Asia outside my own country, it would be Tokyo. So I give much of "T" to the world's largest and most exciting capital. Tokyo people will tell you that you haven't lived in their city until you have done these things: seen the double bridge across the moat of the Imperial Palace; strolled along the famous Ginza; attended a geisha party; watched the brilliantly costumed plays of the Kabuki Theatre; eaten eel on a summer night in a riverside restaurant. Certainly that is a fair sampling of some of Tokyo's pleasures.

However, in all fairness, one must contrast Tokyo's exciting urban bustle and activity with that perennial daydream island, Tahiti. Recently James Ramsey Ullman wrote, in his new book, *Where the Bong Tree Grows*, this about Tahiti. "In the interests of accuracy it must be admitted that not *all* Tahitians are on a spree *all* the time. The very young and very old are the most notable exceptions, and even those in between will occasionally be found at other pursuits. Within reason, that is. Work of the slogging day-in-day-out variety is left almost wholly to the Chinese, who, like the Indians in Fiji, were brought in a century ago as plantation labourers, and have—at a handsome profit—kept the wheels turning ever since.

"The Tahitian is not interested in profit. When he works, it is at something that not only needs doing but that he enjoys doing: at fishing, for instance, at building a house or canoe, at sailing a ship or driving a nice big noisy truck. And his capacity for enjoyment—here as in his revels—is unique. . . .

"How does the Tahitian get this way? . . . It is on the record, plain and grim, that for some two hundred years he has been plundered, corrupted, and victimized by the white man; and there are those who contend that, beneath the surface, he is sad and lost, awash in a world he never made or asked for, and knowing himself doomed to racial extinction. If this contention is true, however—and it is at least debatable—he is assuredly the world's Pagliacci par excellence. Whatever his past and future, he gives, today, an impeccable performance as the happiest of men."

Contrast this splendid insouciance with the atmosphere of the intense thermal country of New Zealand, where the man-made geysers are as dramatic as Dante's *Inferno*. Some two thousand feet deep, and jutting steam, they make a deafening noise. The earth trembles.

U is for Ubud, a small village on the island of Bali famous for its painters, where I once had a house and spent what I still consider the happiest time of my life. The reason I will always love Ubud is for the people I knew and the odd fragments of wisdom they casually threw out. When rebuking a servant for sloppy work, the reply: "Don't be angry. If you get angry you get quickly old." A small boy, casually, on the subject of the future of humanity: It is all contained in the letter "M"—*Manusia Musti Mati* (Mankind must die). Or a passing remark from an acquaintance, "I am happy today," which makes you realize how seldom you hear such a comment—most of us are much more eager to communicate our unhappinesses.

V for the Visayan Islands, the central section of the Philippines where even now the slow, gracious life of the great sugar plantations can be found. The elegant language is Spanish, the stately old European dances are performed by women in wide starched dresses and men in tropical white dress clothes under crystal chandeliers to the music of gentle string bands in the ballrooms of a bygone age.

W is for White, Patrick, the most distinguished Australian novelist, who lives not far from Sydney in a pink brick house with blue doors. (He is a gaunt, tanned man with eyebrows like shelves, shadowing his eyes.) But for me and for many Indians of my generation, "W" stands first of all for Wardha, the village in central India where Mahatma Gandhi made his headquarters, collected his disciples, and preached the tenets of his peaceful revolution. His work continues, of course, and there one can glimpse the dedication that was only one of his legacies to the world.

To set against that austere and dusty centre of great ideas, there are the pictures of pure sensuous delight. On Hawaii's green island of Kauai (mainly gardens, plantations, and soft hill sides) unexpectedly you find Waimea Canyon, all pinks and reds. After the "snake ride" to the top of the canyon you realize that the heat had been suddenly turned off, the air wonderfully cool.

X and Y and Z. "X" is, of course, difficult, and even "Y" brings to mind rather gloomy towns like Yokohama or Yokosuka. But "Z" brings us triumphantly to the end of my Asian alphabet with Zamboanga. This small seaport on the west coast of Mindanao in the Philippines was considered so beautiful and its girls so seductive that the fiancées of sailors used to sing, "Don't you go, don't you go to far Zamboanga" because the sailors would certainly be captivated and never return.



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MARY McCARTHY

(Continued from page 99)

doesn't fit in with the men we know at all? I mean characters like Mr. Rochester in *Jane Eyre* or Heathcliff in *Wuthering Heights.*

MCCARTHY: Well, those are sensibility novels, and I think *one* virtue that the sensibility women writers have—they've others—is that they are able to create male heroes. Granted that you don't, you know, meet Mr. Rochester in a normal post as a governess, but these are dream men. The sensibility writers are very good at creating dream men—people like Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind* or even Mr. Darcy in *Pride and Prejudice.* Jane Austen tried to be more detached than the other ladies in doing Mr. Darcy, but in fact he's another of these Byronic heroes, these dream men that one can fall in love with.

SMITH: But if novels are supposed to be like real life, these people can't be characters in good novels?

MCCARTHY: Well, they belong to a part of life that dreams and imagines. That kind of man is going to come and lift you out of being a governess, or whatever your fate is—so these men certainly belong to the life of a young girl. They're the imaginings of a young girl.

SMITH: How is it then that the women sense novelists, like George Eliot, often have male characters who are also too good to be true, but this time in a gentle and endlessly considerate way rather than a violent, passionate way? I'm thinking of Will Ladislaw in *Middlemarch,* for one.

MCCARTHY: Yes, that's true. Will Ladislaw is supposed to have been based on her husband—like him he's absolutely a vulnerable character. In general, I think the women sense novelists are not very good at creating heroes. They're extremely good at social observation, and the men characters who are peripheral or even semi-central but who are not heroes are extraordinarily well done: Lydgate the doctor in *Middlemarch,* for instance. And sense women are extremely good, I think, at doing cads—like Frank Churchill in *Emma* and the Willoughbys and the Wickhams, all those weak attractive young men that you find in Jane Austen. All the women sense novelists are extremely good at catching these particular kinds of rotters. No, "rotter" is too strong . . . charming, weak men.

SMITH: And plainly the sort of men that they are themselves attracted to?

MCCARTHY: Yes, have a fatal weakness for. Dear me, yes.

SMITH: What's your own recipe, in your novels, for a conquering hero?

MCCARTHY: I haven't got any heroes in my novels. I've got—well, I've got one, who's the protagonist of *The Groves of Academe*—but no, he's not a hero.

SMITH: You've got mainly heroines in fact.

MCCARTHY: Oh dear! Yes.

SMITH: Certainly in *The Company She Keeps, The Oasis.* . . .

MCCARTHY: There's always that heroine. I know. I would dearly love to get rid of her, to scrap her. She's always thinking about herself, and doubting herself, she's partly observing and partly doubting herself, and this is rather the conventional heroine of the woman novelist. Women novelists incarnate the principle of doubt in this kind of heroine, and I'm so sick of her. She doesn't exist in the book I'm working on now. [Editor's note: *The Group.*] I've banished her.

SMITH: Is it because she's too autobiographical that you hate her so?

MCCARTHY: Well, I think so. I think that's true. I always try to make her different from myself—to make her a White Russian, or almost anything—but as soon as she begins questioning her motives and representing, let's say, the conscience, at that moment she's too close to me and I don't like her.

SMITH: Do you remember that essay by Virginia Woolf where she said that what she wanted was the androgynous state where she'd be half a man and half a woman and so be in the ideal

position to write about both sexes? I think she thought Shakespeare had been in that condition.

MCCARTHY: The prospect doesn't interest me. I mean, after all, it would be to be a monster. And it also shows, I think, that Virginia Woolf, like so many of the women writers of sensibility, tended to be extremely conceited.

SMITH: Don't you sometimes feel irritated, though, that you are a woman and there are various things you can't know?

MCCARTHY: Yes, I'm sure I couldn't write a successful scene that took place in the smoking room of the United States Senate. However, I have tried at least once to do something from a man's point of view—that is, to be inside the mind of a man, though he's not following wholly masculine pursuits, granted. There is that difficulty: simply not knowing, never having been present.

SMITH: Does being a woman inhibit you from writing about sex? Haven't you repeated the frankness of your famous early story, "The Man in the Brooks Brothers Shirt"—about a wild scene in a train compartment?

MCCARTHY: Oh yes I have. At least in *A Charmed Life* there is a sexual scene that's rather apropos of what I was just saying. It's something between a seduction and a wake, a scene in which the heroine starts to be with her former husband, semi against her will, and then she thinks, "Well, after all I've done it so many times with this man, why stop now?" You know, why protest now? And I wrote it first from her point of view and the scene was just a disaster—it brought out this unpleasant quality I was talking about in the heroine. So I decided to try to do it from the man's point of view, and I thought it came out very well as a great comedy.

SMITH: Is there any other aspect of emotional life that you find tricky to write about because you're a woman? I suppose women are a little more sensitive to the undercurrents of life than men are....

MCCARTHY: I'm afraid I'm not sufficiently inhibited about the things that other women are inhibited about for me. They feel that you've sort of let the side down, you know, that you've given away trade secrets, if you write very candidly about certain things.

SMITH: There are awfully few good autobiographies by women. Your own *Memories of a Catholic Girlhood* must be one of not more than half a dozen.

MCCARTHY: That stops when I'm about seventeen though, so that I haven't given away too much. I don't know why women haven't written their autobiographies. Simone de Beauvoir's done it, but I don't like her.

SMITH: What about the limitations of men writing about women?

MCCARTHY: I think that in general men write better about women than women write about men. The best men writers—the great ones like Tolstoy, for example, or Stendhal—I think they know women perhaps as well as women know themselves. I think that they surpass women in this respect. I can't imagine that a woman novelist could become as intimate with a male hero as Tolstoy is with Anna Karenina or Flaubert with Emma Bovary. You can imagine a woman novelist hitting off a male character for a short stretch; but living intimately with him through a whole novel—I can't imagine this.

SMITH: You don't find with Madame Bovary or Anna that there's a tiny bit missing that a man could never get?

MCCARTHY: I'm completely satisfied. I wonder what the reason is for this. It might be that women talk much more about their feelings to their husbands, lovers, and so on. Therefore the husband has gotten an intimate perception from his wife of what it's like to be a woman. But men do not sit around talking to women about what it's like to be a man, they're not nearly so talkative about their so-called inner life.

SMITH: But women talk to each other a lot, don't they, and their men only get an occasional, rather horrifying hint of what's said?

MCCARTHY: I think that's a thing of the past, really. It depends on the country. In Europe I think women still exchange confidences that no man would ever be allowed to be privy to, but I think American women and Englishwomen talk quite as freely to men as they would to their girl friends.

SMITH: Perhaps women are becoming more like men psychologically?

MCCARTHY: Well, I can't be sure ... I don't know....

SMITH: You've been a lot in the masculine world, haven't you? For instance, when you came down from college in the mid-thirties you went straight into left-wing politics in New York.

MCCARTHY: Well, I was very much a woman, a girl rather, in that way. I never took a very active part, I was really more or less passive, I got involved with politics because the men I was with were involved in politics, and I was just there. You know, I didn't talk nearly as much in those days. I went to meetings and so on, but I usually remained silent. Maybe I argued at parties, and with young Stalinist men who took me out dancing, and I participated in May Day parades, but that's different.

SMITH: Yes, but you're a very intellectual person—you're truly interested in ideas.

MCCARTHY: Yes, but I was less interested in ideas at that time. I think I was much more of a sort of literary girl. I was very apolitical in college, and it was only the Moscow trials I think, that put my mind to work.

SMITH: How did that happen?

MCCARTHY: Oh, well, I got involved through going to a party in signing something—a petition for Trotsky to have the right of asylum in Mexico. I really knew nothing about the subject, but in general I was for the right of asylum. And so I found my-

(Continued on page 144)



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(Continued from page 143)

self quite by chance a member of a Committee for the Defense of Leon Trotsky. And once I was on this Committee I began to be attacked by a lot of Stalinists who were trying to prize me off it, so I had to defend myself, and defend Trotsky, so I began to read books and so on, and moved into a quite different world.

SMITH: And you've been involved in politics continuously since then?

MCCARTHY: Well, yes. I don't mean that I've been running for office! Though during the McCarthy period I did have one flurry of wanting to become a lawyer. The men in my family had all been lawyers, and it seemed to me that the legal position in America was being weakened, that the old jurists were extremely good, but the younger ones who were replacing them were not of the same quality at all, and that the country needed a very strong legal system to protect itself against such things as Senator McCarthy. So I had this dream of going to law school and becoming a practising lawyer, you know, a Portia. Of course I was much too old, and I was deterred, fortunately, I suppose.

SMITH: Do you think that you've got any special rôle to play in society as a woman, or would this just be as an intelligent person?

MCCARTHY: I feel it's just as a person and not as a woman. I really don't have much suffragette side. I think of myself as a person, not as a woman; belonging, you know, to the world, not to a lot of other women. I can't stand people who hold themselves together, in pressure groups and interest groups, and are motivated usually by envy of other people. I can't stand feminine envy—envy of men. I can't stand any kind of envy, I think it's one of the great vices of the modern world. It's grown because of the idea of equality, which is with us to stay, certainly. I am for equality, but, at the same time, with the idea of equality envy inevitably quickens and can become absolutely ferocious. I'm sure envy and self-pity are the great sins of our particular period, and are companion sins to each other.

SMITH: We hear a lot about equality but we don't see too much of it, and little as you want to talk about the sex war, that squalid little phrase, the fact is that now that women have more or less equal rights with men they seem to be just as discontented.

MCCARTHY: I think on the whole they're more discontented. If you're nearer having some great big prize, you're more discontented than if it's as far away as the moon. I think American women particularly are extremely discontented and this antagonism on the part of women towards men is stronger today in America than it's ever been.

SMITH: What do the women want?

MCCARTHY: They want everything. That's the trouble—they can't have everything, they can't possibly have all the prerogatives of being a woman and the privileges of being a man at the same time, and you get these awful career girls who want to be able to talk like men and go in for telling long boring anecdotes—a purely male prerogative, thank God.

SMITH: Are you going to write about this new American woman, one day?

MCCARTHY: Well, I am rather doing that now. I've been working on a novel for years, it's about eight Vassar girls, called *The Group*. It's about the idea of progress. There are these eight girls who go through the book and who are subjected to all the progressive ideas of their period, in architecture, design, child-bearing, home-making, contraception, and so on. It's a kind of technological novel about woman's sphere. There are men in it, but not really. They appear at parties and so on, and they talk, but their sensibilities aren't there, they're only heard. The novel's told from the point of view of these eight individual girls—though of course their mothers are all there too, large figures from the past, and the girls are sitting on their ample laps like little dolls on the lap of a great big madonna.

SMITH: You sound as if you preferred the mothers to the daughters.

MCCARTHY: Well, I'm afraid I do think the mothers are better than the daughters. The mothers sort of belong to the full suffragette period with its great amplitude—you know, women smoking cigarettes in holders and dancing the cha-cha—and the girls are rather tinny in comparison with the mothers, I'm afraid. This wasn't my intention to start with, but that's what does seem to have emerged.

SMITH: How did you begin as a writer?

MCCARTHY: I began by writing little poems when I was about eight.

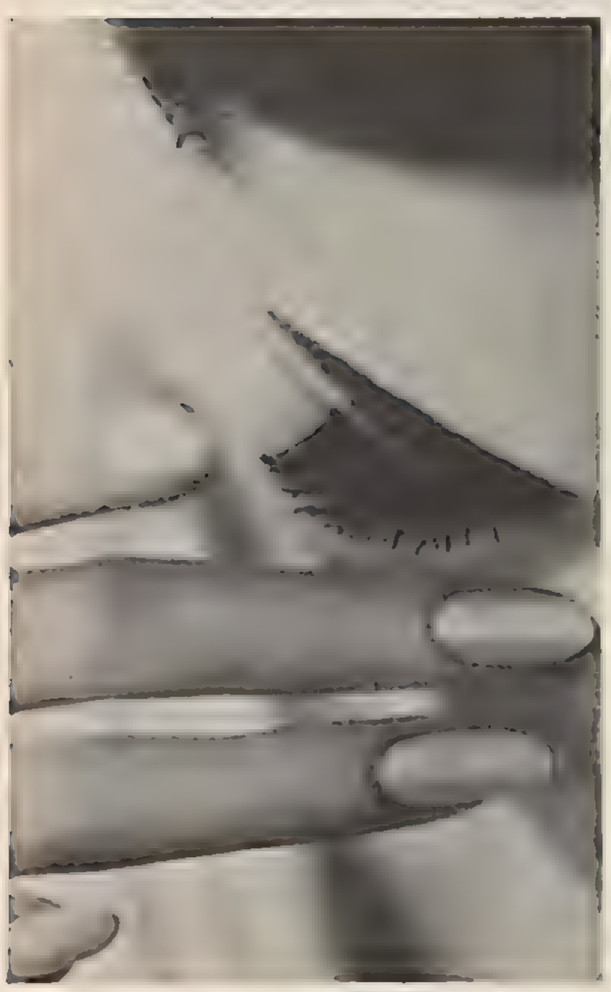
SMITH: Then your writing never had anything to do with wanting to make a mark for yourself in a male world, if I may put it like that?

MCCARTHY: No, you may not. I don't think of the world that way, I don't think of it as a male world, I think of it as the world, and I've never wanted to be a man. I much prefer being a woman, probably for very bad reasons like liking clothes and so on, but I love being a woman.

SMITH: Have you ever felt that by your writing you've missed things that you would have had if you'd done something else?

MCCARTHY: I don't know, except I would have had more leisure if I hadn't been a writer. But, no, I don't think so. I'm married and I have a grown-up child, and I don't think that writing has cut anything out of my life. Actually, though, I wanted originally to be an actress—up to, oh, twenty-one—from eighteen to twenty-one I was very passionate about becoming an actress. But I didn't have any talent and so, you know, I had to give it up. My tragedy was that I became a writer instead.

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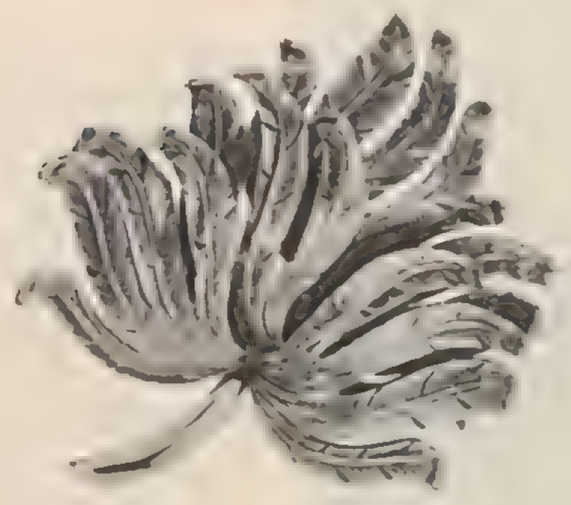
WHY HAIR THINS

(Continued from page 128)

tional upheaval so violent that the victim—unaware of her state—awakens one morning to find a great hank of hair lying loose on her pillow, and a bare spot the size of a quarter somewhere in her scalp. Obviously the emotional aspect should be reviewed by a doctor; the infection, treated by a dermatologist or scalp specialist whom he recommends. Hair that isn't. The word bald comes from "being round and smooth as a ball, or 'balled'" and when the scalp has a lot of baldness showing through shinily, little can be done for it. Scalp implants—little plugs of hair—have been in the experimental front for many years, but so far the scalp's willingness to accept foreign tissue on a permanent basis has been less than satisfactory. We're not for giving up all treatment altogether, however, primarily because certain efforts made may prevent still-further baldness. Conservative massage, heat, medication are normal, untheatrical health measures.

Scalp treatment salons. Some salons rent a chain name, use that chain's products and methods; and some are very good indeed. An independent salon we admire on the basis of its graduates—people whose hair has made a splendid recovery—is a one-man system run by a man called Don Lee, on West Fifty-seventh Street in New York. Again, medication, superb massage, and heat is the combination, and he can do this for four people in relays at any one time. He is, interestingly enough, not at all against backcombing or teasing—recommends this in fact when the hair is embarrassingly thin. Neither has he a cross word to say about any hair-dressing process—colouring or permanent wave. Circulation is everything in his book; and he whips this up after attending first to any suspect infection. He's pro-brush for all but the first days of treatment; likes brushing so well that he attributes the relatively good condition of women's hair as opposed to men's to the fact that the length of women's hair causes them to brush and comb it more, thus giving it a lifelong circulation edge.

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The glow of an Autumn leaf . . . .

captured in gold-filled magnificence

by *Danecraft*

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How to save money and the freedom to enjoy it



Is money all they need for a secure future? Money without freedom isn't worth very much. That's why every American family should *invest* in freedom with U.S. Savings Bonds.

If you're like most Americans today, you've come to the realization that saving money isn't enough for the future. More and more people are asking themselves, "What else can I do? How can I make my family's and my country's future more secure?"

Part of the answer to this question is: invest in United States Savings Bonds.

The money you put into Bonds has some mighty important jobs cut out for it. One of the most important is making yourself financially strong. Another is helping our Government stay financially strong so we can shoulder the costs of the struggle for freedom.

It adds up to the fact that buying Savings Bonds is one of the most fruitful ways you can help keep America free—so you can enjoy the things you're saving for. Why not start buying Bonds when it will do the most good . . . today?



Is this church in America? In 1960 we built 4,915 new churches in the U.S. The one above is St. Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, Moscow—once one of Russia's greatest churches, now a museum.

Keep freedom in your future with

U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

This advertising is donated by The Advertising Council and this magazine.

"HOW TO GET TO THE TOP OF THE CREATIVE TREE"

(Continued from page 85)

ever written. This reveals, among other things, whether he can recognize a good advertisement when he sees one, or is only the instrument of an able supervisor. Sometimes I call on my victim at home; ten minutes after crossing the threshold I can tell whether he has a richly furnished mind, what kind of taste he has, and whether he is happy enough to sustain pressure.

We receive hundreds of job applications every year. I am particularly interested in those which come from the Middle West. I would rather hire an ambitious young man from Des Moines than a high-priced fugitive from a fashionable agency on Madison Avenue. When I observe these grandees, coldly correct and critically dull, I am reminded of Roy Campbell's *On Some South African Novelists:* "You praise the firm restraint with which they write/ I'm with you there, of course./ They use the snaffle and the curb all right;/ But where's the bloody horse?"

I pay special attention to applications from Western Europe. Some of our best writers are Europeans. They are well educated, they work hard, they are less conventional, and they are more objective in their approach to the American consumer.

Advertising is a business of *words,* but advertising agencies are infested with men and women who can not write. They can not write advertisements, and they can not write plans. They are as helpless as deaf mutes on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera.

Not long ago the University of Chicago invited me to participate in a seminar on the Creative Organization. Most of the other participants were learned professors of psychology who make it their business to study what they call CREATIVITY. Feeling like a pregnant woman at a convention of obstetricians, I told them what I have learned about the creative process from my experience as the chief of seventy-three writers and artists.

The creative process requires more than reason. Most original thinking isn't even verbal. It requires "a groping experimentation with ideas, governed by intuitive hunches and inspired by the unconscious." The majority of businessmen are incapable of original thinking, because they are unable to escape from the tyranny of reason. Their imaginations are blocked.

I am almost incapable of logical thought, but I have developed techniques for keeping open the telephone line to my unconscious, in case that disorderly repository has anything to tell me. I hear a great deal of music. I am on friendly terms with John Barleycorn. I take long hot baths. I garden. I go into retreat among the Amish. I watch birds. I go for long walks in the country. And I take frequent vacations, so that my brain can lie fallow—no golf, no cocktail parties, no tennis, no bridge, no concentration; only a bicycle.

While thus employed in doing nothing, I receive a constant stream of telegrams from my unconscious, and these become the raw material for my advertisements. But more is required: hard work, an open mind, and ungovernable curiosity.

Many of the greatest creations of man have been inspired by the desire to make *money.* When George Frederick Handel was on his beam ends, he shut himself up for twenty-one days and emerged with the complete score of *Messiah*—and hit the jackpot. Few of the themes of *Messiah* were original; Handel dredged them up from his unconscious, where they had been stored since he heard them in other composers' work, or since he had composed them for his own forgotten operas.

At the end of a concert at Carnegie Hall, Walter Damrosch asked Rachmaninoff what sublime thoughts had passed through his head as he stared out into the audience during the playing of his concerto. "I was counting the house," said Rachmaninoff.

Finally, I have observed that no creative organization, whether it is a research laboratory, a magazine, a Paris kitchen, or an advertising agency, will produce a great body of work *unless it is led by a formidable individual.* The Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University was great because of Lord Rutherford. *The New Yorker* was great because of Ross. The Majestic was great because of Pitard.

It isn't everybody who enjoys working in the *atelier* of a master. The implication of dependence gnaws at their vitals, until they conclude:

"To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:/ Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven."

Few of the great creators have bland personalities. They are cantankerous egotists, the kind of men who are unwelcome in the modern corporation. Consider Winston Churchill. He drank like a fish. He was capricious and willful. When opposed, he sulked. He was rude to fools. He was wildly extravagant. He wept on the slightest provocation. His conversation was Rabelaisian. He was inconsiderate to his staff. Yet Lord Alanbrooke, his Chief of Staff, could write:

"I shall always look back on the years I worked with him as some of the most difficult and trying ones in my life. For all that, I thank God that I was given the opportunity of working alongside of such a man, and of having my eyes opened to the fact that occasionally such supermen exist on this earth."

THE KNITTED STOCKING

We have the plans right here



CHARLES FITZPATRICK

Only way to have the stocking-news above: knit it. Stitch by stitch, here's how.... Materials: Unger's "Les Bouquets" Yarn, 6 skeins. 1 pair each of No. 4 and No. 8 double-pointed sock needles. Gauge: 5 sts = 1".

With double yarn and No. 4 needles, cast on 42 sts. Divide among 3 needles and join, being careful not to twist yarn. Work in ribbing of K 1, P 1, for 8 rows. Change to No. 8 needles and work in pattern as follows: Rnd 1: *K 1, P 1, knit 2nd st on left-hand needle without slipping off, purl 1st st on left-hand needle without slipping off, slip both sts off needle (right twist), purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, slip both sts off needle (left twist), P 1. Rep. from * around. Rnd 2: *K 1, P 1, K 1, P 2, K 1, P 1. Rep. from * around. Rnd 3: Rep. rnd 2. Rnd 4: *K 1, P 1, left twist, right twist, P 1. Rep. from * around. Rnd 5: *K 1, P 2, knit into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, slip both sts off needle, P 2. Rep. from * around. Work in pattern until 9 patterns have been completed. K 2 tog at the beginning of next rnd and every 4th rnd thereafter 7 times in all. Work on remaining 35 sts until 15 patterns have been completed or until piece reaches desired length to heel, ending with 5th rnd of pattern.

Divide sts for heel as follows: Knit across the first 8 sts on first needle. Turn and purl across these 8 sts and the last 7 sts from 3rd needle. There are 15 sts on heel needle. Slip remaining 20 sts on one needle to be worked later for instep. Heel: Row 1: Sl 1, *K 1, sl 1. Rep. from * across. Row 2: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until piece measures 2½ inches, ending with a purl row.

To turn heel: Row 1: K 8, K 2 tog, K 1, turn. Row 2: Sl 1, P 3, P 2 tog, P 1, turn. Row 3: Sl 1, K 4, K 2 tog, K 1, turn. Row 4: Sl 1, P 5, P 2 tog, P 1, turn. Row 5: Sl 1, K 6, K 2 tog, K 1, turn. Row 6: Sl 1, P 7, P 2 tog. 9 sts remain on heel needle. Break off.

To shape gusset: With No. 8 needle, pick up 7 sts along edge of heel, knit 9 sts from heel needle, pick up 7 sts along other edge of heel. There are 23 sts on needle. Row 1: Purl. Row 2: K 1, sl 1, K 1, psso, knit to last 3 sts, K 2 tog, K 1. Rep. last 2 rows 3 times, ending with a purl row (15 sts remain). Change to No. 4 needles and single yarn. Next row: K 1, * inc. 1 st in next st. Rep. from * to last st, K 1. Following row: Purl across these 28 sts. Now work in stockinette st until piece measures from heel 6 inches for size 8½, 7 inches for size 9½, 8 inches for size 10½, or 2½ inches less than length desired on all sizes.

To shape sole: Row 1: K 2, sl 1, K 1, psso, knit to last 4 sts, K 2 tog, K 2. Row 2: Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 12 sts remain. Leave on spare needle.

Instep: With double yarn and No. 8 needle work across the 20 sts from instep needle as follows: Row 1: P 1, right twist, left twist, P 1, *K 1, P 1, right twist, left twist, P 1. Rep. from * across. Row 2: K 1, P 1, K 2, P 1, *K 1, P 1, K 1, P 1, K 2, P 1, K 1. Rep. from * across. Row 3: P 1, K 1, P 2, K 1, P 1, *K 1, P 1, K 1, P 2, K 1, P 1. Rep. from * across. Row 4: K 1, knit 2nd st on left-hand needle, P 1st st on left-hand needle, slip both sts off needle, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, K 1st st on left-hand needle, slip both sts off needle, K 1, *P 1, K 1, knit 2nd st on left-hand needle, P 1st st on left-hand needle, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, K 1. Rep. from * across. Row 5: P 2, knit into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, P 2, *K 1, P 2, knit into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, P 2. Rep. from * across. Row 6: K 1, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, knit 2nd st on left-hand needle, purl 1st st on left-hand needle, K 1, *P 1, K 1, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, knit 1st st on left-hand needle, knit 2nd st on left-hand needle, purl 1st st on left-hand needle, K 1. Rep. from * across. Row 7: Rep. row 3. Row 8: Rep. row 2. Row 9: P 1, left twist, right twist, P 1, *K 1, P 1, left twist, right twist, P 1. Rep. from * across. Row 10: K 2, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, purl 1st st on left-hand needle, K 2, *P 1, K 2, purl into back of 2nd st on left-hand needle, purl 1st st on left-hand needle, K 2. Rep. from * across. Work in pattern as established until instep measures same length as sole to toe shaping. With right side of work, single yarn and No. 4 needle knit across the 20 sts of instep, increasing 8 sts evenly across row. Next row: purl across these 28 sts.

To shape toe: work as for sole shaping. Weave sts together. Darn all ends. Sew up instep seam.



Vogue's SHOP



CASUAL ELEGANCE

A BROCADE TUNIC OVER FULLY LINED, SILK-TEXTURED PANTS. THE MANDARIN COLLARED TUNIC IN BLUE-GREEN WITH BLUE PANTS, WHITE WITH BLACK PANTS OR ALL BLACK. HAWAIIAN CASUALS' "TEA HOUSE SET," SIZES 8-18. 39.95 Incl. airmail postage

Liberty House

HONOLULU, HAWAII
BOX 2690

HANA HANA (work) MUU



Crisp impression from the Sugar Cane Island in blue chambray shirting with a red bandana tucked in one of three deep hemline pockets. A buttoned shirt-front with long sleeves.

Sizes 2-4. Priced at 8.95
Sizes 6-8. Priced at 9.95

50¢ for shipping—20¢ each additional item. Shipped by Air. Catalogue on request.

SALLY ANN MUUMUUS
P. O. Box 763, Hilo, Hawaii



Polynesian Comfort

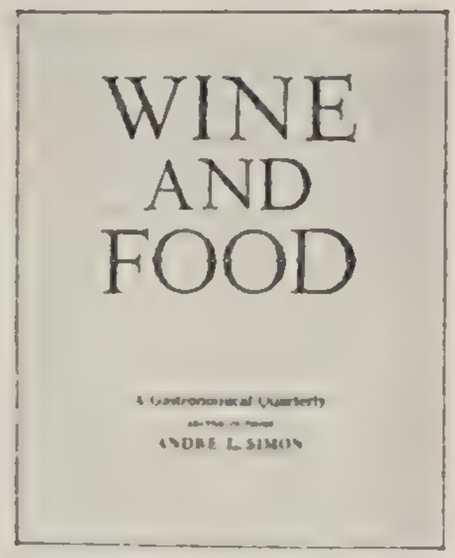
The Kilohana muumuu is ideal as a shift for street wear, perfect for informal entertaining. The polished cotton "Tahitienne" print is typically Polynesian. In two sparkling colors, Lagoon Blue & Hibiscus Red. Machine washable. Sizes XS to XL. 18.50 ppd.

Ask for our brochure of Hawaiian fashions for the whole family.

Watumulls

P.O. Box 3283, Honolulu, Hawaii

WINE AND FOOD



readers of Vogue and House & Garden and their friends who are interested in the pleasures and problems of the table. Each issue embodies the reminiscences of experienced gourmets, out-of-the-ordinary recipes, practical guidance to the formation of a cellar or cellarette.

Published quarterly (March, June, September and December); annual subscription direct from The Condé Nast Publications Ltd., Vogue House, Hanover Square, London W.1., England. $3.00 postpaid.

WINE AND FOOD, the famous gastronomic quarterly founded and edited by André Simon, previously obtainable only by members of the Wine and Food Society, London, England, is now available to all



Some of Hawaii's alluring splashes of colour. To buy on the spot or shop for here. *Above:* Pink-and-blue flower-splashed cotton skirt and shirt. The skirt is gathered. Sizes 8-18; $22.95. Shirt, $19.95. By Tori Richards. At McInerny's, Ltd., Ala Moana Center. Honolulu. Hawaii. *Right:* Red and white stripes on a straight-hanging seersucker dress, the collar squared below the collarbone. Also in blue. Sizes 8-20. $29.95 ppd. By Kahala, at Carol and Mary, Ala Moana Center, Honolulu, Hawaii. *Below:* Long orange cotton shift, dotted in white, ruffled around the hem. Sizes 6-18; $24.95 ppd. By Kahala, at Carol and Mary, Ala Moana Center, Honolulu, Hawaii.





PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

HOUND

in Hawaii





Above: Lime-green silk broadcloth coat and pants. Shirt sleeves, high-rising collar—beautiful way to stay home evenings. Sizes 8-18; coat $35, pants $19.95, at Nani of Hawaii, 1270 Ala Moana Blvd., Honolulu 14, Hawaii. Coiffure: Michel of Paris. *Left:* Orange skirt and shirt, gilt-shot and falling straight to the floor. Of Mylar and rayon, in sizes 6-18. $49 at Alfred Shaheen Ltd., P.O. Box 3235, Honolulu, Hawaii. *Below:* Long heavy cotton dress. Gathered from a loose Empire waist. Elastic-bound puffed sleeves. Orange and blue flowers on beige. By Nalii, in sizes 5-15; $19.95 at The Liberty House, P.O. Box 2690, Honolulu 3, Hawaii.



CHARLES FITZPATRICK



in Hawaii it's the

"lanai dress"

dramatic and exciting
bright seaflower colors
boldly printed on a
sleek, stay-fresh
white polished cotton . . .
(sizes 8-16) 30.00 air p.p. incl.)

Carol and Mary

Ala Moana Center
Honolulu, Hawaii

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your best way
to market by mail
—the quick reference for
new ideas in gifts and giving.



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Vogue's SHOP

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WHAT —Linn Macdonald shows her Brown ¾ Coat of natural lambskin, with white fleecy wool, designed by Ronald Paterson, London. Price **$75.**, Man's **$85.**

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- **Recommended by Vogue Magazine.**
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HOW **Donald Macdonald (Antartex) Ltd.** Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland, or any of the above addresses.

Please find enclosed Check or Money Order for Amount

Male ☐ $85.00 ea. Female ☐ $75.00 ea.

coat size____ height____ weight____ bust size____

FREE, with no obligations:
☐ Please send me further information (with free samples) of Antartex Sheepskin from Scotland.

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DEPT. 3-V.

ANT-AR-TEX SUPPLIED THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION



EYELASHES
(custom styled)

Presenting the fashion look for day or evening, that mascara cannot equal — Imported eyelashes custom styled for you.

Human hair $11.95
Luxurious fur $16.95

1 / Width of upper eyelid (use string) _____
2 / Imported fur or human hair (specify) _____
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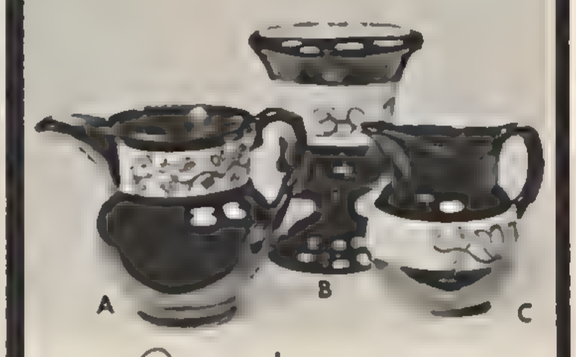
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Yours . . . the beauty & quality of Old English Lustreware with Patty Mayflower Reproductions. Made the same time consuming ways of the old masters. Their authenticity pleases the most ardent collectors.

A. Pitcher	4½" high	ea.	$12.50
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Each Piece Gift-Boxed and Postpaid. No C.O.D.
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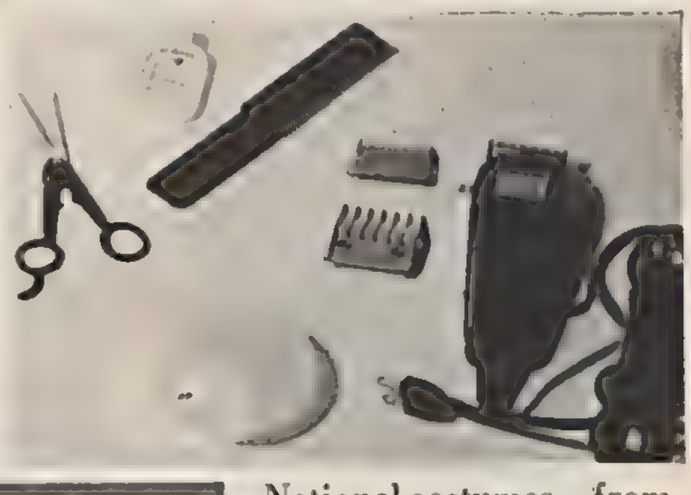
LEAVELL & Associates
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BUY UNITED STATES SAVINGS BONDS



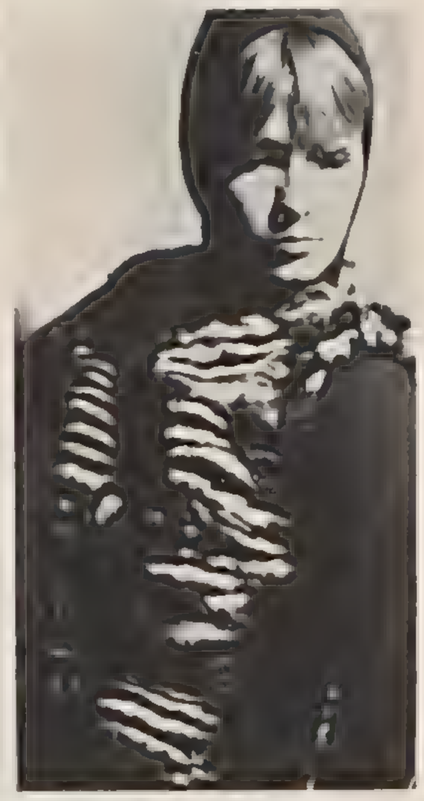
Wanted for a long at-home dress or pants: an at-home apron of natural homespun cotton, hemmed in fringe, tied at the back with a fringed sash—cooking optional. $7.98 ppd. Boutique Unique, 210 West 16th St., N.Y. 11.

For dogs between salon visits: clipping set with multi-cut clipper, blade guard, two comb attachments, Pet Sage powder, comb and shears; $21.95 ppd. Bleuette, Inc., Dept. V-10, 509 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.





National costumes—from Argentina to Yugoslavia—in a charmingly illustrated children's book from UNICEF. 50c. "The Wonderful World of Clothes," P.O. Box 2600, N. Y. 1.



One of the good new ways for fur to be—sleeked down to pullover proportions, buttoned down one side. Made to order from your old fur; $24.95. Mink, ermine, beaver, slightly higher. I. R. Fox, Dept. C-71, 146 West 29th St., N.Y. 1.

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PURE WHITE BRILLIANCE
at $22 per carat

Luxurious simulated DIAMONDS—man made. Incredibly like the real thing in magnificent beauty, brilliant whiteness and hardness, at a tiny fraction of the cost.
The VEGA is UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR LIFE not to scratch, break, chip, dim or discolor, or will be replaced at NO COST. Cut and polished on diamond wheel by skilled experts to full 58 facets for maximum brilliance. Yet they cost, not thousands—just $22 per carat! EASY PAYMENTS. Sold on 10 day money back guarantee.

Send for FREE BOOKLET showing lovely settings for men & women. No obligation. Write

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HOUND

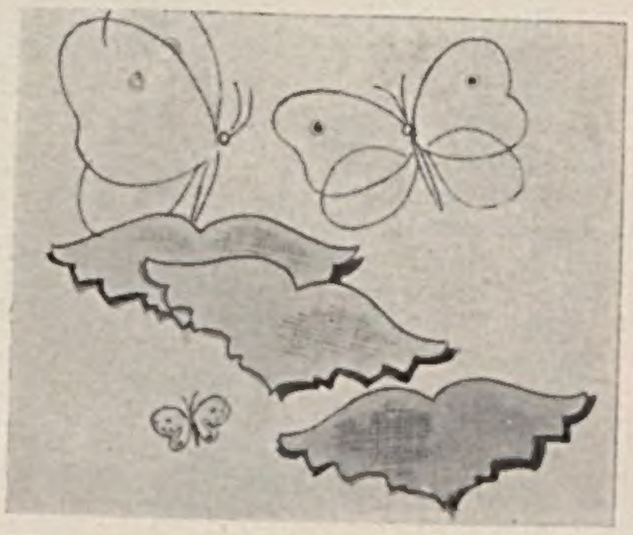


Late Victorian charm—long, billowy nightdress gathered in ruffles at the neck and sleeves. Of moon-white silk-and-nylon Crêpe Avante. Also in pink and blue. Sizes S, M, L. $23.50 ppd. Kerge's, 576 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22.



Colours for the wilder shores—hundreds, at Paternayan Yarns. For information, or for shop nearest you, write them at 312 East 95th St., New York 28.

To help iron out skin creases—flesh-coloured Wings to paste over a frown while sleeping. $1.20 ppd. for 90. Wings Products Co., 11 West State St., Trenton, N.J.



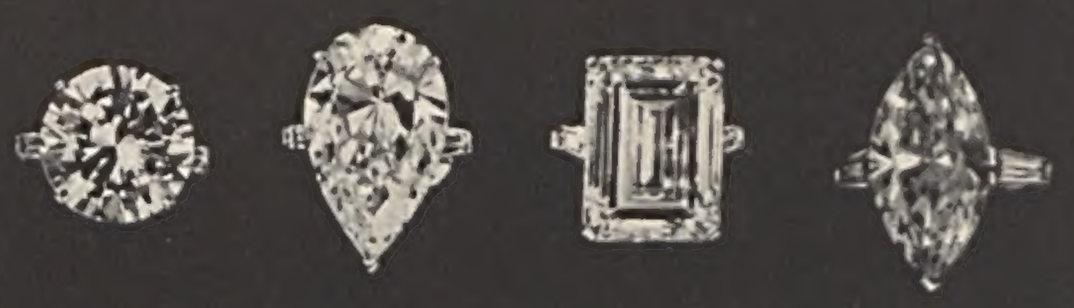
Plain, bare, beautiful—black silk matelassé streaming straight to the floor from a high drawstring neckline. Also in brown or white. Sizes 8-14; $175. By Deborah; Renaissance Boutique, 132 East 58th Street, N.Y. 22.



PETER MAICAS

Here's news about a non-depilatory way of coping with facial hair; Jolen Creme Bleach concentrates on softening and lightening rather than removing. 3¾ oz., $5 plus tax. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 22.

Lustiqems



Give her a LUSTIGEM solitaire—always set in platinum—not sold as diamonds, but treasured for their own beauty and permanent brilliance. Three to fifty carats (closest carat weight sent with price adjustment). Fifty dollars per carat includes mounting and side tapers. Special prices for under three carats upon request. *Add ten per cent federal tax.*

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☐ round ☐ pear ☐ emerald ☐ marquise

Send:_____carats* ☐ ring; finger size_____ ☐ pendant

☐ Enclosed total cost
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WONDERFUL WILLOW TRUNKS FROM SPAIN are a year-round decorator's dream. Use them to store out-of-season clothing, toys, barbecue fuel and equipment on the patio, etc. They are rugged enough to use as extra seats or end tables. Natural willow trunks with handles at each end and an interesting Andalusian hasp and black iron rod closure.

Two sizes: 32 x 18 x 19", $24.95
24 x 14 x 16", $17.95
Set of two, $39.50

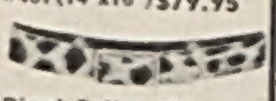
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Save by buying direct from manufacturer

Cossack Hat
May be worn high or as a beret. $55.00
Square Front Muff
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Piped Belt # 808
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Federal tax and postage included, in U.S.A. only.
10 day money back guarantee.

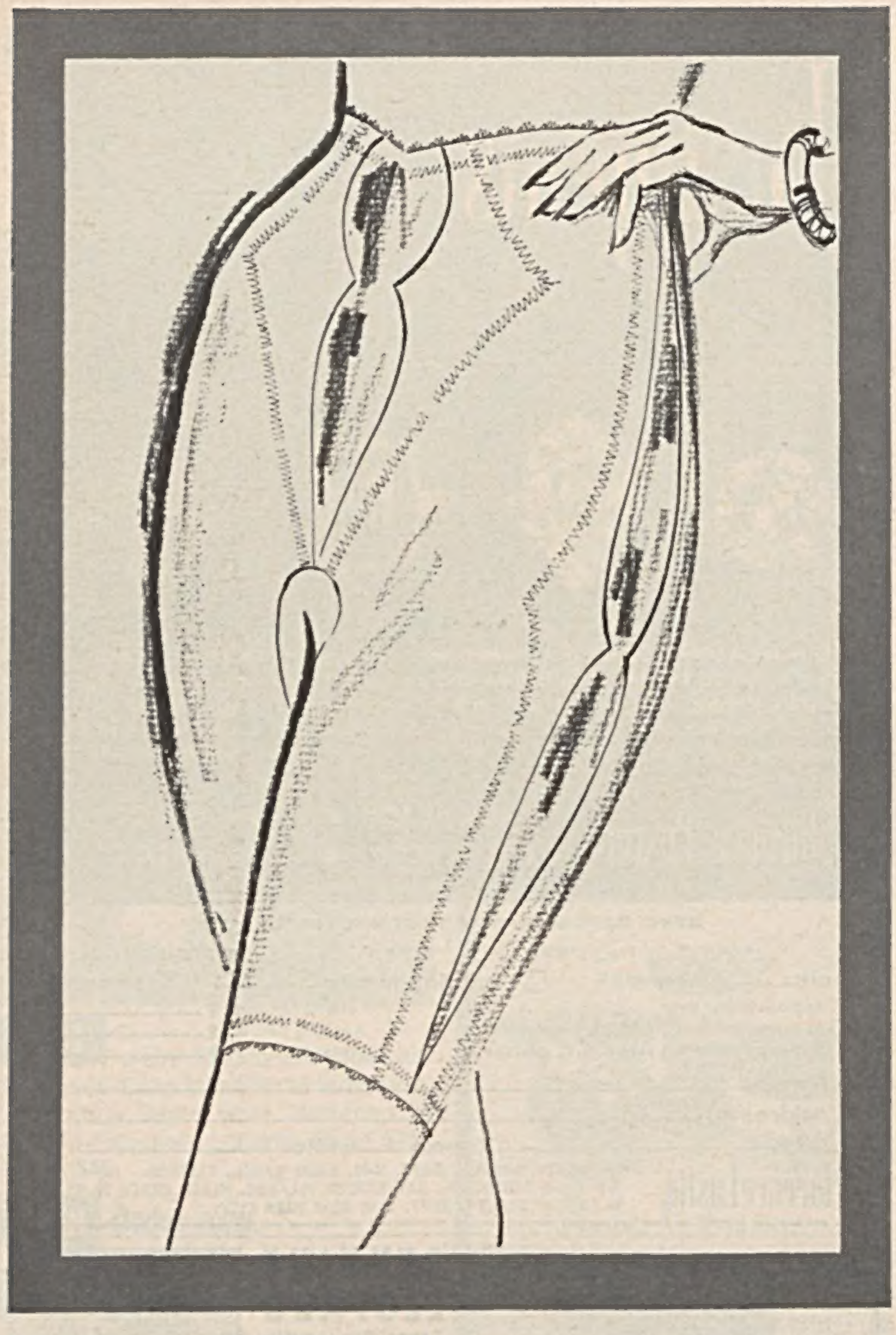
OCE-LEOPARD FUR CO.
244 West 39th St., NYC 18 LA 4-3165

CREATE BEAUTIFUL BOWS automatically AT HOME

Bowmatic Amazing New bow making machine



IMAGINE! Create bows more beautiful than those from the finest Department Stores, (and no waiting at the wrapping dept.). Lovely, individual creations—never before possible by hand, are made with the new Patented BOWMATIC in just seconds. Really add your personal touch to your gift packages with a decorative bow of your own design. Not a sewing machine—a brand new invention. The BOWMATIC is easy to operate. Insert any ribbon roll—turn the dial for size and style, and by pushing lever arm, a fantastic bow blossoms before your eyes automatically. Use it for all occasions—birthdays, weddings, pasties, holidays, etc. Bows to decorate center pieces, hats, clothing—literally hundreds of uses. Make bows for resale. Terrific for Churches and fund raising. A type machine that sells for hundreds of dollars industrially. A limited offer. Sturdy 16½ long, 10 high, 7 wide machine, comes complete with four rolls of ribbon, scissors, fasteners. Unconditionally guaranteed. You must be satisfied or your money cheerfully refunded. Send $14.95 plus $1.00 for freight and handling, check, cash or money order to: Dept B-4
S & R RESEARCH, 837 East El Monte Street • San Gabriel, Calif.



Close-up of Fit for Knits Gossard's Narroline

Complement your knitwear with Narroline—distinctively styled by Gossard to give superb fit—proportioned to *your* measurements. Four downstretch panels give a lithe, lean look from waist to thigh. Fashioned in nylon and Lycra® Spandex. White, sizes 25-34, $15.00.

There's also a regular length pantie in sizes 25-34, $10.95 and a pull-on girdle in sizes 25-34, $10.00.

®duPont's reg. trademark for its spandex fiber.

BONWIT TELLER

New York Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

"where you can buy"—see column opposite

"FASHION WHEREABOUTS IN VOGUE" "WHERE YOU CAN BUY"

A "Where You Can Buy" Service for Interested Readers. To find the store nearest you, look for the advertised merchandise showing this symbol.

1st: Note the VOGUE *issue date, page number, name of advertiser.*

2nd: Call telephone number in listed city *nearest* you (stores for many miles around cities are listed with operators).

3rd: Give operator issue date, page number and advertiser's name, she will tell you what stores in your area have the advertised merchandise.

Note: *Only* advertisements showing phone symbol are listed. FASHION WHEREABOUTS in VOGUE will answer *your call* 7 days a week, 24 hours a day.

DIAL THE NUMBER IN YOUR AREA

STATE	telephone
Alabama	
Birmingham	879-0131
Mobile	433-8196
Arizona	
Phoenix	279-1370
Arkansas	
Little Rock	FR 5-5494
California	
Los Angeles	651-4612
San Diego	239-4516
San Francisco	GA 1-7191
Colorado	
Denver	244-3136
Connecticut	
Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford see New York, White Plains	
Hartford	247-7229
includes Springfield, Mass. includes New Haven	
Delaware	
Wilmington see Philadelphia	
District of Columbia	
Washington	District 7-8668
Florida	
Jacksonville	356-4401
Miami	377-2977
Georgia	
Atlanta	233-0885
Hawaii	
Honolulu	571-063
Illinois	
Chicago	236-3580
includes Gary, Indiana Hammond, Indiana	
Indiana	
Indianapolis	Melrose 6-6883
Gary, Hammond see Chicago	
Iowa	
Des Moines	243-8758
Kentucky	
Louisville	584-7998
Louisiana	
New Orleans	525-7866
Maryland	
Baltimore	PL 2-3914
Massachusetts	
Boston	HA 6-1550
Fall River see Providence, R. I. Springfield see Hartford, Conn.	
Michigan	
Detroit	961-7116

STATE	telephone
Minnesota	
Minneapolis-St. Paul	332-1890
Missouri	
Kansas City	LO 1-0013
St. Louis	CE 1-2514
Nebraska	
Lincoln	432-1336
New Jersey	
Newark	642-4967
New York	
Albany	463-4690
Buffalo	854-4055
New York City	LT 1-3879
Garden City, L. I.	PI 6-4144
White Plains	WH 9-9111
includes Bridgeport, Norwalk, Stamford, Conn.	
Rochester	CH 4-0400
Ohio	
Columbus	221-3544
Cincinnati	621-3375
includes Dayton	
Cleveland	781-5148
Oklahoma	
Oklahoma City	CE 5-4286
Tulsa	Luther 4-2786
Oregon	
Portland	222-5393
Pennsylvania	
Harrisburg	CE 3-7242
Philadelphia	LO 7-1200
includes Wilmington, Delaware	
Pittsburgh	471-6166
Rhode Island	
Providence	421-9760
includes Fall River, Mass.	
Tennessee	
Memphis	327-4424
Nashville	256-5518
Texas	
Austin	GR 2-0254
Dallas	RI 7-4108
includes Fort Worth	
Houston	CA 8-1967
Utah	
Salt Lake City	364-3441
Virginia	
Richmond	644-8832
Washington	
Seattle	MU 2-1292

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Fieldcrest creates beautiful bedspreads, too

Almost every woman knows Fieldcrest makes fine towels, sheets and blankets. Many know that Fieldcrest also fashions bedspreads, automatic blankets, shower curtains and bath rugs...all coordinated. For the knowing woman, a 'one look' theme in her bedroom and bath. So easy, for example, with Imperial Rose bedspread, shown above, twin about $20, and matching towels, bath about $5.

Fieldcrest.

COORDINATED FASHIONS
FOR BED AND BATH



is it me...or Jack Winter!

United you have the One Look that counts. Silk paisley in two parts; from the Autograph Collection by Jack Winter. Lined pants about $23. Pull-over about $18. At Bonwit Teller, New York; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; The Dayton Co., Minneapolis & St. Paul.

Slightly higher on the West Coast.

CN00020397